VOL. CCVIII, No. 2708

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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 5, 1952
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Volume CCVIII No. 2708

The SPHERE, London, January 5, 1952

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE PREMIER'S DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA DELAYED—MR. CHURCHILL IN HIS CABIN ABOARD THE "QUEEN MARY" WITH THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. GIFFORD, AND THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, MR. EDEN, BEFORE THE "QUEEN MARY" SAILED FROM SOUTHAMPTON: The sailing of the *Queen Mary* was delayed by the jamming of the port anchor, and Mr. Churchill stayed on board throughout last Sunday. The liner eventually sailed on the noon tide last Monday, but not before there was a last minute strike scare provided by the crew. The Premier is seen in this picture wearing the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House.

The British economic situation, various aspects of atomic energy development, as well as all the obvious international political and military problems confronting the free world were on the proposed agenda for the vital talks in Washington between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden on the one hand, and Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson on the other. After a series of final Cabinet meetings, at which this catalogue of troublesome subjects was thrashed out, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden set out for America last Saturday night, but at Southampton they met an unexpected delay of thirty-six hours through the jamming of the port anchor of the *Queen Mary*. On hearing news of the delay Mr. Churchill sent a message to Mr. Truman telling him what had happened, and as a result it was decided in Washington that Mr. Churchill should be taken off the *Queen Mary* 18 miles off New York and hurried by fast cutter, car and aircraft to Washington. With this arrangement it seemed probable that there would be no delay in the start of the talks scheduled for this week-end.

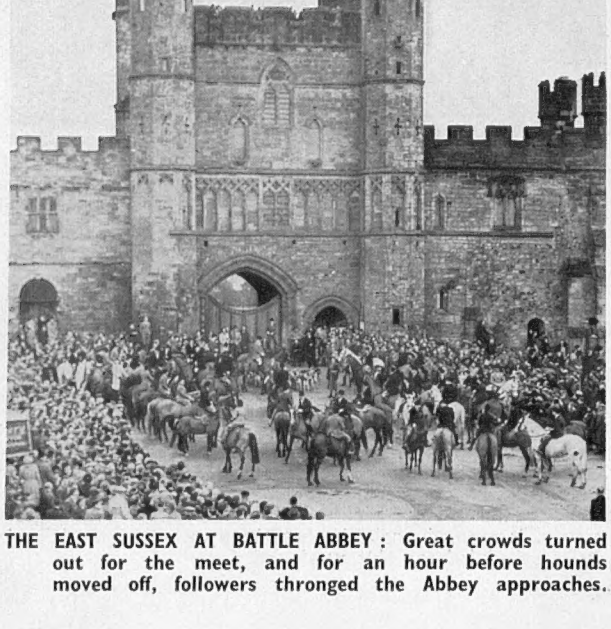
Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

AT THE BOXING DAY MEETS IN ENGLAND

BOXING DAY IN THE MARKET SQUARE AT ABINGDON : A large crowd turned up for the post-Christmas meet of the Old Berkshire. In the background can be seen St. Nicholas Church. A Christmas-tree added a seasonal touch.

THE EAST KENT MOVE OFF TO DRAW : Hounds passing along the thronged street at Elham after the Boxing Day meet. This pack hunts over a sporting country consisting of 50 per cent. plough and woodland, and the rest is for the most part grass and downland.

PASSING THE SARACEN'S HEAD : The South Oxfordshire at Thame, where they met on Boxing Day. The South Oxfordshire country adjoins the Bicester on its northern border.



THE EAST SUSSEX AT BATTLE ABBEY : Great crowds turned out for the meet, and for an hour before hounds moved off, followers thronged the Abbey approaches.

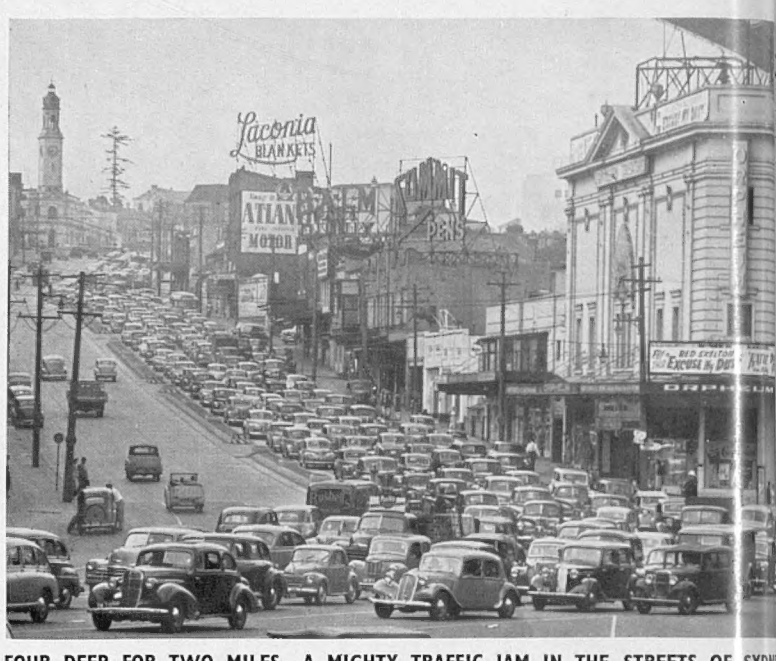
A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Three Years.—Those ebullient supporters of Mr. Churchill and his Government who confidently expected good results for their own pockets within three weeks of the new Parliament must adjust their ideas. The Premier, in a sombre survey, has promised them a bigger dose of sweat and tears and not much to show for it (save lighter bellies and pockets), for three years. And, even then, they may expect, if they can think patriotically, some improvement in the *national* rather than in the individual budget. It is indeed a sombre prospect for those who supported the Tories in the sure hope of "2s. 6d. off income-tax before Christmas," and now feel they would be "just as well off under Attlee or Bevan." We need not spare them a tear. Save us from *such* friends. For my part, I do not believe their grouses and their compass-boxing votes will greatly reduce the Government's majority in the next three years at by-elections. And if Mr. A. could carry on for more than a year on a one-figure majority, why not Mr. C. for three or five years on a majority two or three times as big? I think the Tories are right (and safe) to plan for their three years or full term. Panic and rushed measures led us to disaster. Only calm, constructive measures, and first things first, can get us out of this present jam. For my part, I shall not expect a golden progress report before 1955. I shall take it as very encouraging if, before then, the Official Receiver does not step in. And as for one or five sixpences off income-tax, I shall expect that when I get it and not before. If Mr. C. is in sombre, realistic vein, I fancy you and I should conform. When father says halloo, we 'll all halloo. Meanwhile, we are in for three-years hard and a pretty heavy fine for good measure. Some of us can still take it—the luxury cruisers, for instance, and all those happy few who leave £20,000-worth of jewellery on their dressing-tables for the first comer-up the drain-pipe.

What are *You* Doing About It?—Beautiful indeed was the Christmas sermon "leader" in one Sunday sensational newspaper. It concluded that if only we would "follow the Master" in the principles of Christianity, we could conquer every peril, evil and sorrow which besets us. "What are *you* doing about it?" A fine gesture or nauseous hypocrisy? I should have been more impressed if this Christmas sermon had not been set up parallel with a political columnist's usual intimacies and taunts. What were we all doing about it? Rather more on Christmas Day than on Boxing Day, and so, "small by degrees and beautifully less." Perhaps we need more guidance from those who have a real claim to guide us and direct our taste and morals. The Cinema, the B.B.C., must be regarded as potent forces, I suppose; the notions they have of their trusteeships are not perhaps out of the same drawer. It is possible to say that both great forces miss opportunities for uplift. They are human agencies and it is human to err. What a tragi-comedy is humanity's effort to improve itself spiritually. I thought so, as I listened to the Premier's party political broadcast just before Christmas. He stressed how heavy a handicap to our efforts to save our ship of State was the strife and bitterness of party, the sharp division into "two nations." And he set forth his arguments and exhortation by means of a radio vehicle which has done as much as any other thing to acerbate party feeling. He picked his way carefully and paid tribute generously to his opponents. But . . . he had followed, in a "new series" of these boring, horrible quarter-hours, Dr. Dalton, whose opening petty pin-pricks were still festering in our minds. Why does the B.B.C. in this crisis continue this opportunity for little men to be mean?

Death On Our Roads.—The latest drive to reduce the number of deaths on our roads has perhaps evoked a little more public interest than earlier ones. Perhaps the Gillingham tragedy helped. I have listened to, and read the plans and proposals of, a number of experts on this subject, and have given due weight to many theories. The idea of a new road code is perhaps good. It needs clarification, as soon as the authorities have themselves any notion of what their advice *means*—as, for example, at foot-passenger crossings. Up to now, every effort to assist a foot passenger across a street has been hedged with Delphic uncertainty to walker and car driver. No doubt the code is muddled, half-advice, half-direction; but even if it were revised and made shorter and intelligible, I am not assured that it should receive the force of law. I am still convinced that the solu of this frightful evil lies first and last with adeq police surveillance. I cannot believe it is worth w to put a dozen more road offences on the Statute B while several hoary old ones are largely disobeyed a fair certainty of immunity. Take two, for exam The 30 m.p.h. rule for certain heavy vehicles and cyclists' lighting regulations. Every fortnight we with perhaps a dozen of these offences on our be How many more pass undetected in our own area? The other night I was driving home tow Petersfield from London in the half-light. Bet Robin Hood Gate and Guildford by-pass I concentr only on law-breaking lorries. Not a dangerous perhaps. I counted seventeen of these vehicles *I could not easily pass at* 50 *m.p.h.* It was lighting time when I reached the Guildford by-pass, I devoted my attention only to bicycles. I pas a great number of them, and one in every four ca no lights. A police patrol operating on our stretch of Portsmouth Road on that evening have produced for our next bench a calendar of offe in these two classes which we could not possibly dealt with in a single sitting. What is the good multiplying road offences, so long as the existing are broken with such reasonable certainty of being detected?



FOUR DEEP FOR TWO MILES—A MIGHTY TRAFFIC JAM IN THE STREETS OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES : This stream of cars stretched for two miles, from the toll gates at the northern approaches to Sydney Harbour Bridge, at 8.30 a.m. one morning just before the Christmas holidays. The reason for the exceptionally heavy flow of cars was a one-day strike of tramwaymen and bus drivers occasioned by the introduction on some routes of new one-man buses.

Riches at Burlington House.—I ha derived infinite pleasure and profit from our famo winter exhibitions at the R.A. I can recall no over the years that has given me better measur pressed down and running over, than this superb painted, selected, hung and catalogued "cross-section of what was turned out during the first century the R.A. Pride in our native genius; thankfulne for this proof of the still hardly tapped and infini wealth of art and beauty still in private ownership gratitude for so rare and lovely an opportunity to wa back from the ugly present into a garden of grac beauty and peace, delight and dignity. Regret als regret that it is impossible to take fullest advanta of this inexhaustible treasure-house in a few wee or months. It would be worth while to lodge at t Albany during January and February, to read on the catalogue, which is indeed a library reference boo and to spend each day in a room in the gallery, returnin home to annotate the day's reflections and observation All that is beyond my means. Three visits of an ho each are about all I shall accomplish and then th vision will disperse and the enchanted garden w fade from our eyes. But the catalogue will remai to assure us that it was not an "adventure" at Litt Trianon; it was a real garden with real flowers, an those flowers have not withered. They may bloo again in another garden, and some lucky men ca enjoy a bloom or a bunch any day of the year. I kno that that world of 1770-1870 was often gross an brutal and ugly, unjust and inhuman. So, indee is ours. We claim that ours is far prettier. But th visual arts of our day are sorry interpreters of ou new prettiness; by comparison with the Masters the R.A.'s first century, our present Masters are po propagandists indeed, if there be anything in the clai

They Won't be Happy Till . . .—Thr leaders of the recent reconnaissance of the southe approaches to Everest are now back in England an have expressed their restrained hopes of reaching th summit that way next spring. I read various repor of their survey and studied the photographs, and t an ignoramus those hopes seem rather remote. The is a parallel to be drawn between this expedition an Scott's last journey to the South Pole. In each ca the times were fraught with danger for our countr

an hour when wise men put first things first. Again, these Everest pioneers already know, as Scott knew, that a rival expedition is likely to strive for the goal at the same time. In this case, the rivals are Swiss; in Scott's, Norwegian. Is it worth doing? Was the South Pole worth a cairn and a flag and several noble, useful lives? Explorers, pioneers, mountaineers are in no possible doubt about it. The highest aim of man is to attempt the "impossible," to strive and not to yield, to banish the word impossible from our dictionary, and, if need be, to die in the attempt. Some of our noblest, some of our wisest, spend, and have spent, years and years sitting round a table talking about peace and its possibilities. During those years peace has become as the summit of Everest, an almost impossibility. If as a race we were grown effeminate and soft, I do not know that Shipton and his brave companions could be better employed next spring than in winning their summit. Not knowing them, I cannot say whether they could be better employed at Paris or Strasbourg, or at home in offices in Whitehall. They are men whom the High Tops beckon, they cannot resist the call, any more than could Scott, an efficient naval officer whose country needed him and men like him in the Navy. What conclusion can we come to? Let us wish them well, and believe that any successful effort to conquer the unconquerable is noble and important, and that every victory over difficulties and dangers and unbridgeable chasms brings faith and hope to those who seek to cross other obstacles in other fields of endeavour. Every triumph of manhood is new hope to humanity.

Some Books of 1951.—I read a lot of the current literature of 1951. Since no editor this Christmas invited me to list the "books of the year," I will offer a few comments on my reading—unasked. Much of what I read shocked me. It is clear to me that any stuffy, old-fashioned laws which may have existed against the publication of pornography have been blown away by the "healthy" winds from America, whence come all our new fashions and standards (for better or worse). As examples of this extraordinary official tolerance, I cite chapters of *Boswell's London Journal* and *Memoirs of Hecate County*. The amount of space devoted in modern novels to drink also surprised and bored me. Presumably this fashion in novels mirrors the truth in certain quarters. But what incomes can afford to-day to pay for the drink swallowed by the characters, not all decadent and sodden, in such books as *The Disenchanted*, by Shulberg, and *The Way Through the Wood*, by Balchin? *Round the Bend* was good Shute. *The Blessing* came up to my expectations as the very essence of the old French aristocracy in its post-war transition. *My Cousin Rachel* was for me greatly overrated. I was bored by its unreality. *The Cruel Sea* was magnificent and cruel as the sea. From novels I derived most pleasure from *Annabel and Mary Verena* (which, perhaps, was pre-1951) and from Margaret Kennedy's *Lucy Carmichael*. This last is refreshing indeed. Apparently still in 1951, a novel can be absorbing, alive, realistic and true without all the characters being drug-addicts, drunkards and degenerates. Here 's hope and comfort and, I think, real genius depicting just a slice of middle-class modern life. Of memoirs, I have said elsewhere my say about Fritz Ponsonby's *Three Reigns*; trivial, amusing, occasionally valuable as precedent-source, sometimes malicious and unfair, never dull; showing up many people as greedy and ambitious, but not damaging to the Royalties, and therefore not treachery. *A King's Story* is touching, honest and genuine, and very competently written with its occasional American slang. I learned absolutely nothing new from it about King George V and his relations with his children. That surprised me. When I was writing the Memoir of George V, I assumed that the Duke of Windsor would have been for me an invaluable source. *Private Wheeler's Letters* did not come up to my hopes. *Nelson's Band of Brothers* was a competent rehash of an old story of the naval occasions of the Napoleonic struggle—which we shall never get quite straight.

Public Schools and Freedom.—It is usual at Eton to greet every new Headmaster as a radical reformer and to give him a spell of unpopularity until he has "settled down." Then his charms are appreciated and at last he retires to the Provostship or a Bishopric in the odour of affection. Sometimes a new Eton Head has made a dangerous pass even at Pop, but Pop goes on and so do tails and toppers (if obtainable). Mr. Birley, who does an immense amount of talking outside Eton, is now in the transition stage, settling down to admit defeat at the hands of Eton's Toryism; but he has plenty of material for reforming speeches on matters which Eton boys don't take quite as seriously as Pop, such as bureaucratic interference with Eton's unique if inexplicable genius for equipping her boys for the battle of life. The new bureaucratic rules for candidates for the General Certificate (the age limit of sixteen) provide an obvious and easily-hit Aunt Sally; and it is always possible to cry out for more teachers and better teachers at higher salaries. Mr. Birley came to Eton at a moment when £1,000,000 was required to maintain her ancient buildings, traditions and conveniences, and indeed to improve the last with better plumbing and other facilities—for learning to swim, for example. If Eton's rich possessions to-day can do no more than keep "college" ticking over, the resources of her sons are still inestimable and unexhausted, and the whip-up for that million is not in doubt. And as long as she can find the money, I fancy she will keep her freedom to educate her boys in her own remarkable way.

THE OLD STAGER

"ALADDIN" AND "HUMPTY DUMPTY"

THE LURE OF THE PANTOMIME: TWO BIG SHOWS FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA MAKES HIS BOW: Martin Lawrence, as the Emperor, and his subjects in the market-place; a scene from *Aladdin*, the Christmas pantomime at the London Casino with Jean Carson, Julie Andrews and Nat Jackley. Mr. Jackley, as the Dame, upholds the best comic traditions of pantomime, giving us a ludicrous parody of beauty with flashing eyes, raven hair and an air of roguishness. Julie Andrews, as the principal girl, is in excellent voice. As ever at holiday-time the London theatres have been doing capacity business.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" AT THE PALLADIUM: Florizel (Noel Gordon), the King (Terry-Thomas) and Princess Miranda (Jean Bayless) in a scene from the pantomime. *Humpty Dumpty* provides farce, melodrama, ballet, song, burlesque, extravaganza and spectacle, in fact all the ingredients of modern pantomime served up with commendable speed.

THE "QUEEN MARY" DELAY MR. CHURCHILL

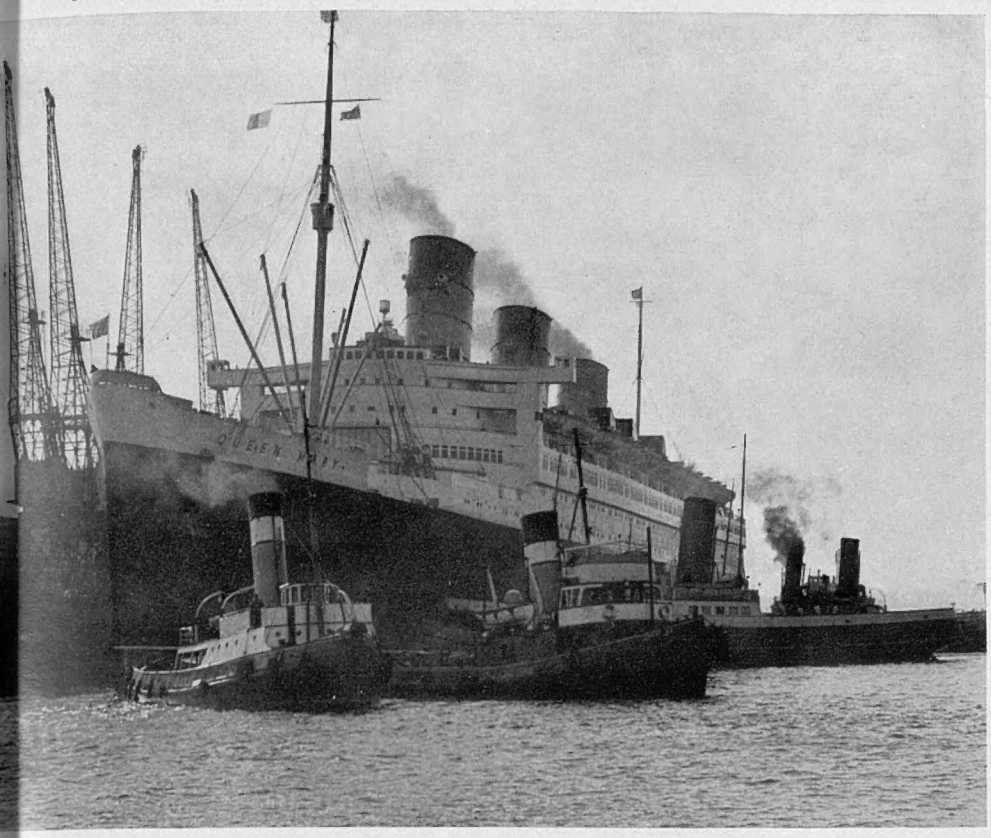
THE PRIME MINISTER HELD UP AT SOUTHAMPTON OWING TO JAMMING OF THE LINER'S PORT ANCHOR

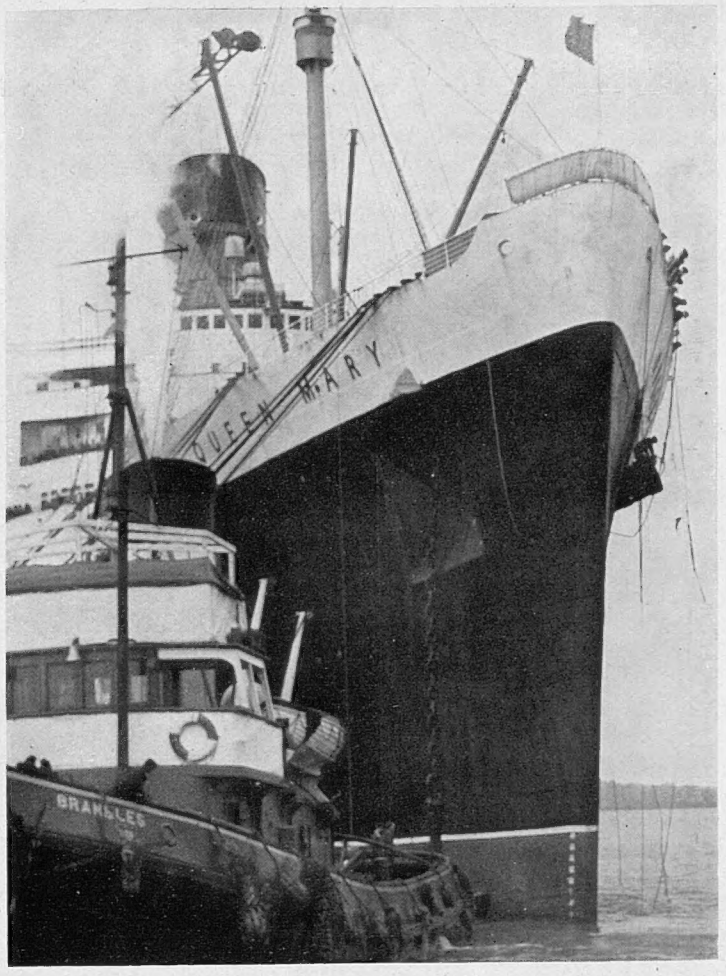
THE PRIME MINISTER SETS OUT ON HIS MOMENTOUS VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES: Mr. Churchill accompanied by Mrs. Churchill as he walked down the platform at Waterloo Station last Saturday night, when leaving for Washington for his talks with President Truman. The *Queen Mary* was due to sail on Sunday morning, but owing to the jamming of the port anchor the sailing was delayed thirty-six hours. The Prime Minister spent the whole of Sunday in his suite aboard the liner.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHIEFS ABOARD THE "QUEEN MARY" DURI THE SUNDAY SHE WAS DELAYED IN HARBOUR: Admiral Sir R oder McGrigor, the recently appointed First Sea Lord, in con ersati with Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, the Chief of the Imper General Staff. Both Sir Rhoderick and Sir William are nembe of Mr. Churchill's party visiting America for the Washingto tal

"I HOPE WE SHALL BE ABLE TO DO A GOOD JOB OF WORK FOR ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS": With these words Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary, said good-bye as he left Waterloo Station last Saturday night on the special train in which he accompanied Mr. Churchill to Southampton to join the *Queen Mary*. Lord Salisbury, who is Lord Privy Seal, is to assist at the Foreign Office during Mr. Eden's absence.

GENERAL LORD ISMAY AND FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM STROLLING TOGETHER ROUND T DECK OF THE "QUEEN MARY" BEFORE THE DEPARTURE: Lord Ismay, Secretary for Comm wealth Relations, accompanied Mr. Churchill in the train from London. His presence on American visit is of special importance, in view of the Premier's arrangement to go to Ottaw





SPECIAL HIGH-SPEED EFFORTS WERE MADE TO GET THE "QUEEN MARY" READY FOR SEA: *Above*—Tugs putting the liner into her berth at Southampton at the end of her last east-bound crossing, after she had encountered enormous seas. An attempt was made to turn the liner round in twenty-four hours, and this would have been successful but for the jamming of the port anchor which caused a thirty-six-hour delay. *On right*—A tug standing by during the operations last Sunday morning when an attempt was being made to free *Queen Mary's* port anchor.

THE BATTLE TO FREE THE PORT ANCHOR OF THE "QUEEN MARY" AS SHE WAS DELAYED IN DOCK BEFORE THE START OF HER WESTWARD CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC WITH MR. CHURCHILL AND HIS PARTY ABOARD: The *Queen Mary* carries three anchors, one of them a spare, and each weighs 16 tons. It is not unusual for an anchor to jam, but such a thing has not happened before in the *Queen Mary*. Although some of the passengers went ashore last Sunday during the delay, the wintry weather kept most travellers on board enjoying the amenities of the ship. On this voyage the *Queen Mary* carried 1,104 passengers and 395 more were due to be embarked at Cherbourg.

STORM HAVOC ROUND BRITAIN

THE TALE OF DESTRUCTION ON THE SOUTH COAST DURING LAST WEEK-END

STORM DAMAGE ON THE KENT AND SUSSEX SHORES : *Left*—Fire brigade and Army vehicles standing along the sea road two miles east of Dymchurch, Kent, while firemen and troops worked at a gap torn by heavy seas in the sea wall. They carried rocks in order to fill the breach and to prevent the inundation of Romney Marsh. *Right*—Residents seen salvaging furniture from houses at Selsey when the tide had receded and the house was no longer being lashed by the seas. The waves swept over the shingle bank at Selsey into the low-lying land behind. Many acres were inundated and families in threatened bungalows near the shore were helped by police and fishermen to a temporary shelter for the night. Other vitally affected areas were at Sandgate, where the main road was swept by tremendous seas, and at Ryde, Isle of Wight, where the gale damage was the worst since the great storm of 1916. Repairs at Ryde will cost many thousands of pounds.

THE PLAYTHING OF THE WAVES : *Above*—A breach in the sea wall at Sandgate. *Above, on left*—Huge blocks of stone and sections of railing on the promenade at Hove after the fury of the storm had abated. A crane is seen engaged in salvage operations. The whole promenade for many hundreds of yards was covered in shingle swept in by the high waves.

TWO MORE SCENES OF DAMAGE AT WIDELY-SCATTERED POINTS ON THE SOUTH COAST : *Left*—Clearing the shingle off the Lancing road after the storm had abated. *Right*—Men clearing up the wreckage of the grandstand on the Plymouth Albion Rugby Ground. Last Sunday night, after a week-end of hurricane gusts, rain, hail, thunder and lightning, the British Isles were right in the centre of a huge storm-belt stretching from the south of Iceland to South-east Europe. The gale was at its fiercest at The Lizard, where gusts reached 93 m.p.h. Gusts of over 90 m.p.h. were also reported from several parts of Scotland.

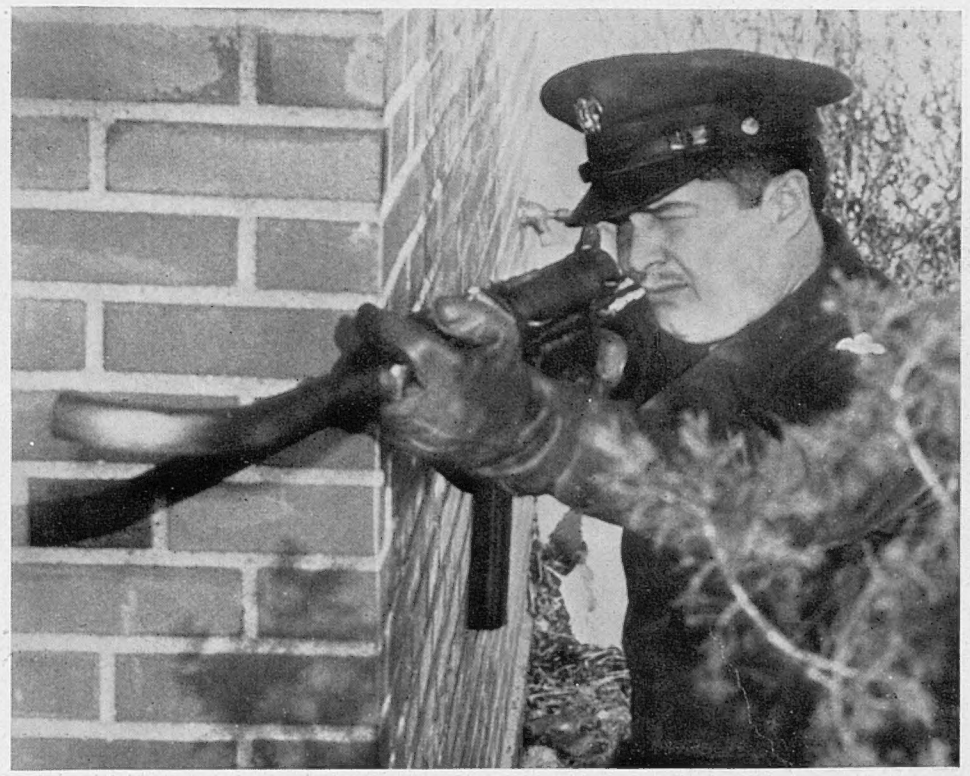
New Year News from Oversea

Salah ed-Din Pasha, the Egyptian Foreign Minister, Gives a Press Conference in Rome; Four American Fliers are Freed by the Hungarians; Private Speakman, the New V.C.; A Round-the-Corner Machine Gun from the United States

SALAH ED-DIN PASHA, THE EGYPTIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, GIVES A PRESS CONFERENCE IN ROME: He was visiting Italy for a short holiday during the Christmas recess of the United Nations General Assembly in Paris and was to return there for the resumption of the current session early in the New Year. Asked at the Press conference about the appointment of Hafiz Afifi Pasha as Chief of the Royal Cabinet in Cairo, he said that Afifi Pasha was a man of tact and experience whom it was perfectly natural of the King to choose. When the suggestion that his Government encouraged young partisans in the Canal Zone was made, he replied: "Partisan activity is spontaneous." He was asked whether a Russian threat could be said to menace the Canal Zone, and in reply said that there was no dispute between Egypt and Russia, and that if Russia was to attack it would not be because of any differences with Egypt.

PRIVATE WILLIAM SPEAKMAN, OF THE BLACK WATCH, WHO HAS BEEN AWARDED THE V.C. FOR GALLANTRY IN KOREA: During a ceremony somewhere behind the western front in Korea on Sunday, Major-General Cassels, commander of the British Commonwealth Division, pinned the ribbon of the Victoria Cross to Private Speakman's tunic. Fifty men of the hero's company in the King's Own Scottish Borderers and detachments from other units were present at the ceremony. The award was made for Private Speakman's "supreme" heroism and gallantry in holding Hill 217 almost alone for four hours against 600 Chinese troops. With showers of hand-grenades he flung back waves of Chinese attackers, and though seriously wounded and ordered to pull out, he returned to the hilltop and led charge after charge against the enemy. The official citation concludes with the words: "Private Speakman's great gallantry and utter contempt for his own personal safety were an inspiration to all his comrades. He was, by his heroic actions, personally responsible for causing enormous losses to the enemy, assisting his company to maintain its position for some four hours, and saving the lives of many of his comrades when they were forced to withdraw from their position."

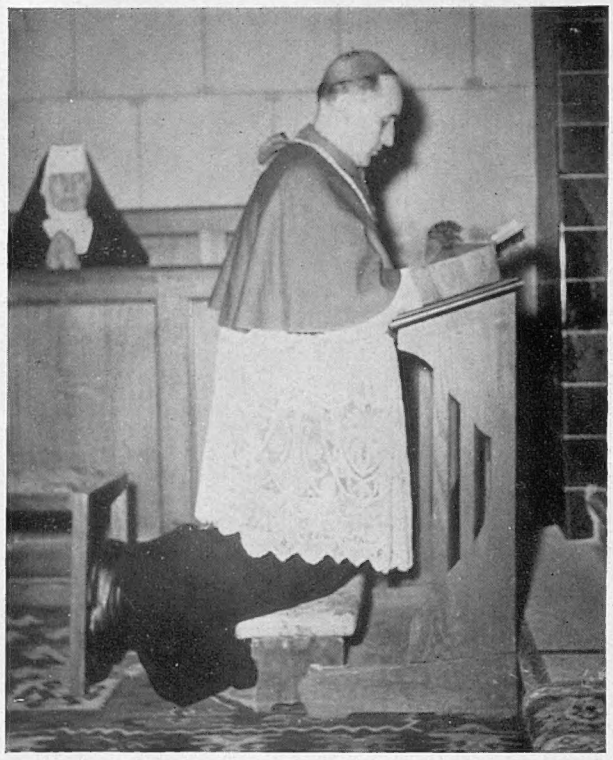
THE FOUR UNITED STATES AIRMEN WHO WERE RELEASED RECENTLY BY THE HUNGARIAN AUTHORITIES: They are seen during a Press conference held at Erding Air Base, near Munich, where they returned on being released. The fliers, who were forced down in Hungary while on a flight to Belgrade, said that for the first two weeks of their imprisonment they were interrogated by Russians and then handed over to the Hungarians. They were well-treated and fed throughout their imprisonment but were kept in separate rooms. On December 23 a Hungarian Military Tribunal found them guilty of "consciously violating the Hungarian frontier." They pleaded guilty to violating the frontier, but insisted that they had done so accidentally. The interrogators were interested in the two parachutes carried, in addition to those required by the crew, and in a radio and blankets. The Hungarians released them after fines totalling 120,000 dollars had been paid.



A ROUND-THE-CORNER SUBMACHINE-GUN IS DEMONSTRATED IN AMERICA: The weapon is a standard M-3 submachine-gun fitted with a special curved barrel, which deflects bullets as much as 90 degs. It is said to fire 45 bullets at the rate of 450 a minute and can also be employed for single shots. The bullets can pierce an inch-thick board at 100 yards and the gun can be set to fire right, left, up or down. It is believed that the gun is a version of a type that was dropped to the French underground movement during the war.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Some Interesting Personalities Who Made End-of-the-year Headlines



ARCHBISHOP STEPINAC SAYS CHRISTMAS MASS IN THE LITTLE PARISH CHURCH AT KRASNIC, HIS NATIVE VILLAGE: This was the first time he has celebrated Christmas mass outside prison since he was condemned, on charges of collaborating with the Axis Powers, to be imprisoned for sixteen years. Recently he was released after serving five years of his sentence, but under the conditions of his release he must remain in Krasnic and act only as a parish priest. The Vatican is pressing for his reinstatement as Primate of Yugoslavia.

THE SEVENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DOMINIQUE LAGRU, WHOSE PAINTINGS ARE TO BE EXHIBITED IN PARIS: He took up painting only three years ago, responding to what he has described as an irresistible urge. Living in this miserable garret, on a tiny pension, he has scraped and saved in order to buy paints, and at first had to fashion his brushes from twigs and the bristles of an old shoe-brush. Now he has been hailed as "the artistic revelation of the mid-century" and the paintings he has completed are to be exhibited.

GRACIE FIELDS AND HER FIANCÉ, ABRAHAM BORIS ALBEROVICH: Gracie, now aged fifty-three, announced her wedding plans to her friends recently at her villa on the Isle of Capri. Her fiancé, who is officially listed as being stateless but who came from Bessarabia, has been Capri's radio-repair man for many years. He is forty-eight years old and was formerly an architect. The wedding, it is announced, will take place either on Capri or at Pompeii in February. Gracie's first marriage, to the late Mr. Archibald Pitt, was dissolved in 1940. The same year she married Monty Banks, who died in 1950.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM F. DEAN, OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, WHO HAS BEEN MISSING IN ACTION IN KOREA FOR SEVENTEEN MONTHS: This picture of the General was obtained by an Associated Press correspondent from the Communist correspondent Wilfred Burchett, who said the picture was taken during an interview with the General in a Communist prison camp at Pyongyang. Mrs. Dean, at her home in California, has confirmed that the picture is of her husband.

MR. GEORGE F. KENNAN, THE NEW UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA: He succeeds Admiral Kirk, whose resignation Mr. Truman has accepted with reluctance. An article appearing recently in *Pravda* attacked Mr. Kennan because of his connection with the Ford Foundation, which, it was claimed, was giving enormous sums of money and direct help to "spies and terrorists" who are working against the Soviet Union.

THE FILM-STAR ERIC VON STROHEIM WITH HIS WIFE, DENISE VERNAC: He is seen autographing copies of his new romantic novel *Les Feux de la St. Jean* at the Club de Paris, in Paris. Von Stroheim was for years the stormy petrel of Hollywood and has had at least two careers—one as director and one as a character actor.

SIR FRANCIS EDWARD EVANS, THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER IN ISRAEL: Shortly before Christmas he presented his credentials to the acting President of Israel, Yoseph Springzak, in the President's office at Hakirya, near Tel Aviv. Sir Francis, who is fifty-four, has had a long career in the diplomatic service. He was a Vice-Consul in various parts of America from 1920 to 1934, when he became Consul at Los Angeles. From 1939 to 1943 he served in the Foreign Office and then became Consul in New York. He was Consul-General at New York until 1950.

TWO-YEAR-OLD PHILIPPE PIPO CARRIES ON A GREAT TRADITION: He is son of the famous clown Pipo, and is appearing with his father in the Medrano Circus in Paris. Philippe was the great attraction at a Christmas party in the British Embassy in Paris.

LIBYA—THE BIRTH OF A NEW NATION IN AFRICA

THE PROCLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE ON CHRISTMAS EVE

THE PREMIER OF LIBYA, MAHMOUD BEY MUNTASSER, READS THE PROCLAMATION OF LIBYAN INDEPENDENCE FROM A BALCONY OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF BENGHAZI AND AT HIS SIDE STANDS THE NEW KING OF LIBYA, SAYED MOHAMMED IDRIS EL SENUSSI : The proclamation began with the words : " We joyfully proclaim to the noble people of Libya that in fulfilment of their endeavours and of the United Nations' resolution of November 21, 1949, our beloved country has, with the help of God, attained independence. We offer to Almighty God our prayers of heartfelt praise and thanksgiving for His blessings, and rejoice with the Libyan people upon this happy and historic occasion. We proclaim that Libya has, from to-day, become an independent State, and in compliance with the resolution of the Libyan National Assembly of December 2, 1950, we take the title of ' his Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Libya.' "

BRITAIN HANDS OVER IN LIBYA : Mr. T. R. Blackley, M.B.E., the British Resident Minister in Tripoli, one of the two capitals of the new State, signing the proclamation of independence transferring Britain's powers of administration to the Libyan State. The ceremony took place in the British Residency on Christmas Eve. As Ferdinand Tuohy explains on page 10, the new sovereign State has two capitals, Benghazi and Tripoli, and these will help to balance rival factions.

APPLAUSE FOR THE FOREIGN MINISTER OF THE NEW LIBYAN GOVERNMENT : Ali Bey Gerbi speaking in the British Residency in Tripoli following the signing of the proclamation of Libyan independence. On the left is Mr. Adrian Pelt, the United Nations Commissioner, and on the Foreign Minister's left hand is M. Chambard, the French representative.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN BENGHAZI, ONE OF THE TWIN CAPITALS OF THE NEW SOVEREIGN STATE : *Left*—The Mayor of Benghazi making a speech over the radio during the broadcast of the inaugural ceremonies. Standing just behind him is the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Benghazi. *Right*—The crowd in front of the Royal palace during the proclamation ceremonies. One of the first acts of the Libyan Government after the proclamation was to apply for membership of the United Nations. Italy in turn lost no time in recognising the new kingdom by nominating Signor Mario Conti, the Italian Minister in Copenhagen, to be the first Minister in Tripoli.

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FOREIGN COMMENTARY

A Survey of the Overseas News in Pictures

WITH NOTES BY FERDINAND TUOHY

THE KING OF A NEW AFRICAN STATE: Sayed Mohammed Idris el Senussi, the King of Libya, seen at his desk as he recorded his country's proclamation of independence.

Libya Makes Her Bow.—The United Nations' first-born, Libya, makes her bow under one flag waving in two capitals. That the future of the ex-Italian colony upon which Montgomery and Rommel fixed the world's attention a decade ago is sealed in understanding by the arrival of the sixty-one-year-old small, dark and bearded Emir Sayed Idris of the Senussi as monarch of a Federal Kingdom, would be too much to say.

The two capitals, Benghazi and Tripoli, are there to balance rival factions in search of power, to prevent jealousies and to facilitate administration. They remind us that the new kingdom is made up of three examples of what Mussolini called his " collection of deserts "—Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and the Fezzan, each of which has different standards, traditions and even populations.

Divided by wide areas of desert, straggling across 1,100,000 square miles between Egypt and Tunis, and reaching deep into the Sahara, 1,150,000 poor and illiterate North Africans laced by 40,000 Italian settlers are to try to live together.

TOURING HIS NEW REALM: Sayed Mohammed Idris el Senussi (right) seen at Homs in 1949, when visiting this city, 75 miles from Tripoli. On the extreme left is the Mufti of Tripoli talking to the British District Commissioner.

It might have been thought that trouble, if any, would come from the Power which had been in control from 1911 until 1942. On the contrary, Italy lost no time in appointing a Minister who will work in Tripoli. The Italians started the conquest of the desert—whatever else they may have done besides—and all realise that this conquest must be continued. Italians are far from " out " locally.

The danger clouds over the new King's immense, if largely barren, domain gather from the play of two major forces about his head: Western Defence and the orbit which destiny holds for the Arab League and the Muslim world in general.

Britain, France and the United States must remain indefinitely concerned with Libya in view of its proven importance for land, sea and air purposes on the Southern Mediterranean seaboard. They are there to-day as follows: Britain, troops, airfields and military installations; the U.S.A. with an air base near Tripoli; France training effectives in Fezzan, which was the goal of General Leclerc's 2,000-mile dash from Chad to join Montgomery; and the understanding is that the new Federal kingdom will agree to the Allied forces remaining in return for its being financed, steered and fed through highly difficult opening years.

The difficulties may be imagined by noting that the safety of the King, as a friend of Britain, is itself compromised.

All might be well but for Egypt's determination to stir up trouble at the Tripoli end, through her agitator Sa'dawi, who may be in control of the Federal Lower House after February elections. Sa'dawi admits he has little to offer in room of the Allied aid plan, but the danger is that his movement may unloose forces in a primitive world, which may go beyond him.

French anxiety lest Britain may have gone too hastily and that there may be repercussions among the excited North African populations to the west, is not allayed by Libya's first act of joining the Arab League, of which Egypt is animator-in-chief. Yet it was the U.N. which invited Britain to present a self-governing Libya by January 1, 1952.

The waving of the new saffron, green and black flag over Libya, a Tale of Two Capitals, will be watched as a test having far wider significance than the new kingdom's population would normally command. Fortunately, Britain has on the spot an old Lawrence hand in Sir Alec Kirkbride, who will work at Benghazi.

CHARLES DE GAULLE HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE: The leader of the Rally of the French People speaking at the Palais d'Orsay. He stressed in particular views on European unity.

De Gaulle in Full Spate.—General de Gaulle announced in Paris that his Party (the largest in the Chamber) would shortly present a Bill setting forth how the Continent—only—should be united and endowed with a European Army. At sixty-one the severe-minded, laying-down-the-law soldier-politician has not modified his keystone—that there must be prior institutional and military understanding between France and Germany. He lashes the Pleven plan for a European Army and the Schuman plan for heavy industry as " caricatures " engendered by French weakness, British insularity and American " overtones " of policy.

He quotes Mr. Churchill as saying during the war that if it came to choosing between Europe and the open sea, he (Churchill) would always choose the latter, hinting thereby that this is what the British Premier is now doing when restored to office. Yet, that there can be big points of contact between these two combative and imaginative men, the one widely popular, the other an acquired taste, is demonstrated by Mr. Churchill having, at Zurich in 1946, first adumbrated Franco-German hatchet-burying as the essential prerequisite of any European unification.

THE LION OF AFRICA RE-EMERGES: Marshal Rodolpho Graziani seen with upraised hand when accepting the Presidency of the Federation of Republican Veterans.

The Lion of Africa.—The return of former Marshal Rodolpho Graziani to public activity in Rome should be seen against the emergence as a political force in the last Italian elections of the neo-Fascist Popular Social Party. With eight seats and rather less than 500,000 voting supporters, it may not cut much ice, numerically, yet its possible future requires to be assessed beside nearly 10,000,000 former voters—Monarchists—who might be persuaded towards the new Fascism rather than in any other direction.

The cult of Mussolini, through his family, including urgent claims for his body for honoured reburial, and a nostalgia, especially among those between twenty and forty years of age, for the throbbing days of Fascism, are symptoms of contemporary Italy, which are likely to stand in clearer relief, the longer Western Europe remains in the shadow, her difficulties unresolved.

Graziani, who used to be known as the " Lion of Africa," has been voted into no mean post—that of President of the Federation of Republican Veterans. His nineteen years sentence for treason (he served but fourteen months) is now looked upon more as one further decoration on a breast that shone with them, perhaps third only to Goering's.

FRANCO'S BROTHER IN PARIS: Señor Nicolas Franco on the balcony of his hotel during a visit to the French capital.

Señor Franco in Paris.—The Caudillo's brother, Señor Nicolas Franco, has never become deeply involved in the politics of the regime. A pioneer, Atlantic airman, he later represented his country for many years in Portugal. As one with influential international relationships on the personal plane, brother Nicolas could be a useful intermediary in bringing the Spanish Government into closer working proximity to neighbours who agree with it no more than they do with Tito's—whose regime they none the less are bolstering.

GERMAN FISHERMEN PROTEST AGAINST THE SELECTION OF A NEW R.A.F. BOMBING RANGE: In these little boats German fishermen were on their way to the Grosser Knechtsand sandbank, where they held a service in protest against a decision to use the sandbank as an R.A.F. bombing range. The selection of this site resulted from an agreement between Britain and the West German Government.

NORWAY WINS HER BATTLE: The President of the International Court delivering the verdict in the Anglo-Norwegian fishing dispute. The voting was 10 to 2 in favour of Norway.

SIGNING THE TRIPARTITE NORTH PACIFIC FISHERIES PACT IN TOKYO: Mr. Ryutaru Namoto, Japan's Agriculture and Forestry Minister, about to put his signature to the document. Standing behind him are William C. Herrington (head of the U.S. delegation), Vice-Foreign Minister Sadau Iguchi (Japan), Warren F. Looney (United States) and Stewart Bates (Canada).

BACK FROM RUSSIA: These two 6,500-ton ice-breakers, *Northwind* and *Westwind*, which were lent to Russia during the war under lend-lease, are seen as they steamed into Bremerhaven en route back to the United States.

STEAMING INTO BREMERHAVEN UNDER THE HAMMER AND SICKLE: One of the two American ice-breakers arriving at Bremerhaven, where they received a very cool reception from the assembled craft in the harbour.

Fishing Rights in Many Places.—Norway set an example to the world before the war when she gracefully bowed to a judgment of the International Court of Justice at The Hague, before which had been taken a Norwegian-Danish dispute as to ownership of a strip of Greenland. Norsemen having been the first whites there in the tenth century, it must have been a blow.

Now Norway has seen her international spirit rewarded by a judgment which holds foreign trawlers outside a coastal zone extending along 900 miles. The dispute was with Britain (it had gone on for thirty years), and its sequel is taken without rancour.

Not that the blow is not a hard one for us, also: British deep-sea trawlers may henceforth have to go as far as Greenland if they are to make up the leeway lost at The Hague.

If only countries could agree on other things, as they are capable of doing over fish (over oil, for example)! On the other side of the world the U.S., Canada and Japan have just signed a Tripartite North Pacific Fisheries Pact in Tokyo.

Presently Britain and France will be before The Hague Court on a second issue centring on fish, although the actual dispute concerns ownership of the Minquiers reef, off Granville, and the Ecreros Rocks between Sark and Cherbourg.

Russia Hands Over.—There were no tears when two battered and rusty 6,500-ton ice-breakers steamed into Bremerhaven. But neither were there cheers—although the crews of the *Northwind* and the *Westwind* had decorated ship as if they expected some form of welcoming response.

But Americans can show remarkably frozen faces when they choose, and that is just what they did on the two so tired-looking vessels being tied to the pier. For the *Northwind* and the *Westwind* flew two huge crimson and gold Soviet flags—and nothing else.

As if to press home the circumstances of the docking, neither ship had been painted nor overhauled for a long time. Many parts were covered with rust, grease, oil and dirt.

It was a bleak and foggy North Sea morning, corresponding to U.S.-U.S.S.R. relations, and the Soviet crews immediately disappeared below decks, leaving one lone unarmed guard at each gangway to receive the reception parties drawn from twenty officers of the United States Navy.

And yet here were the first two ships to be handed back to the Americans, of all the 700-odd craft of all kinds that had been lent to Russia during the war under the Lend-Lease programme! All the good will that had been launched on the heavy seas in those times in order to help the Russian people save the life of their country had come finally to be dissipated in a cold and clammy fog at the mouth of the Elbe.

Dirty, a week late, no saluting hand to be seen, not the tiniest Stars and Stripes, nor the tiniest note of the "Star-Spangled Banner" . . . so low had maritime sentiments sunk between the two giants of our time.

First swallows heralding many more to come?
Or two old cormorants with nothing in their wake?

The answer is beyond the Western mind. In their present mood, the Russians say they have good grounds for keeping a tight hand on the rest of what was lent them. And the Americans refuse to bargain for the return of what they gave in the common defence and comradeship.

The Gull is no Longer A WEATHER PROPHET

And in Countless Other Ways Birds are Changing Their Habits

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD, F.L.S., F.R.E.S., M.B.O.U.

STANDING on Farnham Railway Station recently I watched for some minutes a great black-backed gull circling low overhead. The great black-backed gull is never frequent inland, and I have never seen one here before this winter. But this bird spent several days on the ploughed land in company with the black-headed gulls (all of whom gave it a very wide berth), and seemed to be perfectly at home, grubbing about as confidently as a rook, though looking rather out of place and very ungainly.

I wonder if the habits of the great black-backed gull are changing? Time was, and it really was not very long ago, when the sight of a gull inland was so uncommon as to be worth a letter to the local paper. Gulls really were *sea*-gulls then: and when they did appear inland it was taken to be a sure sign that stormy weather was on the way, since it was believed that it was stormy weather at sea that had driven the birds inland. In fact, of course, gulls are not birds of the open sea but rather of the seashore. Or, at least, they were. For now the sight of gulls inland is so common everywhere in the country in winter that nobody any longer takes any notice. No longer have they the status of weather prophets.

When exactly the black-headed gull commenced to come inland is not known for certain. Some people say that they first began to come up the Thames in the hard winter of 1887-88; others that it was in the still harder winter of 1894-95 that a comparatively small party found the lake in St. James's Park, were fed by kindly Londoners from paper bags, spent the rest of the winter there, and have been coming ever since in steadily increasing numbers. Gradually other species have followed them. The common gull (which is not nearly so common as the black-headed), the herring gull, the lesser black-backed gull and the great black-backed gull are now all regular winter visitors or passage migrants to the London area. But, until recently at any rate, the great black-backed gull has shown a marked disinclination to move away from the river and the big reservoirs.

The same thing has been happening all over the country. First the black-headed gulls coming into the towns and then spreading out into the country, and then the others following them. So that now you may see in winter large flocks of gulls in agricultural districts far from the sea or any river. But the great black-backed gull, as in London, is by far the least adventurous.

This movement inland is much more than a mere extension of range. It involves the most radical change in habits as well. Of course, every extension of range on the part of an animal involves a change of habit—a point which, it seems to me, is too often overlooked—but, in the case of the gulls, it is indeed a revolutionary change.

Gulls are, all of them, scavengers. They came to London originally, I feel sure, as scavengers. That habit, at least, has remained with them. Mr. Richard Fitter, in his *London's Natural History*, points out that the black-headed gulls, like the house-sparrows and the pigeons, have become completely urban birds, depending entirely upon human activities for their food. In addition to picking up scraps in the parks and along the Embankment, they visit the rubbish dumps, the railway sidings, the sewage farms, even, in the suburbs, the dustbins. And it is so all over the country. I have watched a great black-backed gull raiding dustbins in Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, and clearing a stray cat out of the way to do so.

It would be interesting to know what caused this change of habit. I do not myself believe that it all springs from a hard winter more than fifty years ago; the habit is too universal for that. It is true that wild creatures, no less than humans, prefer to get their living in the easiest possible manner, and there is a very easy living to be picked up from man's leavings. But so there is on the seashore. Or so there was. I wonder if the use of oil-fuel in ships has not had a great deal to do with driving the gulls inland. This point was raised by a Royal Naval captain in a letter to the Press a year or two ago, but was not, so far as I know, followed up by the experts. It seems very likely that the normal refuse of the shore and the harbour is, due to fouling by oil, becoming inedible even for gulls. If this is so, then we may expect to find the gull in due course becoming a regular urban bird throughout the year, even to the extent of breeding in towns.

Gulls, of course, are not the only birds to change their habits. Obviously the process of change has been going on since birds began. But we have to see the change take place before our eyes to become interested, for otherwise we take the habits of birds for granted. Consider the heron. We take it for granted that herons should nest in tall trees. But those long legs were never designed for nesting in tall trees, never designed for nesting off the ground at all. What tremendous cataclysm drove the heron from the ground?

Again, consider what a revolution must have occurred at some time in the habits of the swallow and the house-martin. Where did these birds nest before there were any solid houses? The usual answer is that they must have nested in caves or on cliffs. There are not many caves and competition for nesting-sites on cliffs is very severe indeed. Were swallows and house-martins once very uncommon birds? It seems more likely to me that with the advent of stone building there came a revolution in the nesting habits of swallows and martins. I believe that a similar revolution must have occurred in the nesting habits of the stork.

But, of course, the best-known birds to make use of the buildings of man are the starling and the pigeon. The London pigeon has become completely urbanised, but the starling, like the gull, keeps a foot in each camp. The starlings come into the heart of the great cities to roost and go out to the country, or, at least, to the suburbs, to work—thus reversing the habits of their hosts. But there are still enormous roosts deep in the heart of the country, just as there are still more gulls on the shore than there are inland. I think, however, that just as more and more gulls come to the towns each year, so more and more starlings discover the benefits of sleeping on public buildings.

Gulls, swallows, house-martins, storks, starlings—all have taken advantage of the habits of man. They are not the only birds to do so. Tits, as is well known, have quite recently taken to raiding the milk bottles on doorsteps of a morning. The habit started in Southampton some thirty years ago and has now spread all over Britain and across the Channel. Other birds are beginning to copy the tits—chaffinches and sparrows are both good openers of milk bottles now—and the tits themselves are beginning to meet the milkman, and so save themselves time and perhaps a little competition from the finches and the sparrows. The tits "gang up" and wait at the corner of the road for the milk van to come round. So soon as the milkman gets down to leave a bottle at a house, the tits are into the van and at work, leaving as the man returns. They will follow the van to the end of the road. No one could deny that tits have learnt to take advantage of the habits of man.

Another outstanding case is that of the magpie. Between the wars this very beautiful bird with the rather distressing habits (if you are a game-preserver or a sentimentalist) led a harried life in the depths of the grass country where the hedgerows were tall and thick. During the war and since, partly due to the lack of gamekeepers, the magpie increased tremendously. But the bird has also changed its habits. The ploughing-up campaign caused much grassland to disappear, and in many parts of the country the thick hedgerows were cut down and the roots grubbed up. Game rearing, too, ceased in many places. So many magpies left. There can be no doubt whatever about the increase in the numbers of magpies, but there are now wide stretches of countryside where between the wars you could always rely on seeing a pair or two, despite the keepers, and where you will now not see one. The magpie has left for the suburbs.

Wherever there are fair-sized gardens and some trees on the outskirts of towns in Southern and Midland England, there you may expect to find magpies. A highly intelligent bird, it has found an easy living, raiding the nests of small birds in the spring and early summer, and the dustbins and rubbish heaps (and in my own garden the compost heap), making short excursions to the neighbouring farmland in winter, living in complete safety. You cannot shoot in a built-up area, and the bird seems to know it very well.

Lately there has, I think, been a tendency for the jay to follow the magpie: that is to say, to become a permanent urban resident rather than a mere raider of kitchen gardens. Of the two I, personally, would far rather have the magpie, beautiful though the jay undoubtedly is, for you can make out a case for the "pie" doing some good in a garden to offset the harm. There seems to me to be no case for the jay.

But the movement to the towns is not confined to the birds. The grey squirrel, the mouse and the rat long ago discovered that man is the easiest prey of all. Now the fox, who leads a somewhat anxious life in the country, harried by hounds and occasionally peppered by irate farmers, has discovered that there is no hunting in towns, no shooting in built-up areas, but still plenty of food. The fox, though not truly a scavenger, has never been very particular about his food, and not in the least averse to picking up a bit of carrion. It would not be at all surprising, therefore, to find one day that the fox, like the gulls and the "pies" and the grey squirrels and the alley cats, is taking an interest in the dustbins as well as in the chicken runs.

Wild life, in fact, is getting a bit of its own back. The towns provide the sanctuary man has so long denied in the countryside.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD: The author of this article has long been well known for his writings on many aspects of natural history, and also as editor of the famous County series of books.

HOW BIRDS PLAY GAMES—THE GREAT TIT PLAYING "THE SHELL GAME": Plucking the lid off the jar, the bird picks out a shell and throws it, with a sharp twist of the head, either down on the floor or across the room, always watching it fall with interest. This is one of the games played by birds which Miss Len Howard mentions in her book *Birds as Individuals*, to be published by Collins at 10s. 6d. The photographs, taken from the book, are by Eric Hosking.

This is the first of a series of monthly articles which Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald will be contributing to THE SPHERE.

Egyptian Terrorists in Training

Squads of Boys and Young Men in Cairo are Learning Guerilla Tactics in Preparation for the Threatened "Liberation" Fight Against the British

EGYPTIAN UNIVERSITY YOUTHS RECEIVE INSTRUCTION IN THE USE OF SMALL ARMS: These are members of the so-called "Struggle Formations" receiving an unusual lecture at Fouad I University. General Erskine, G.O.C. British Troops in Egypt, has said that the threatened guerilla activities by Egyptian youths will be crushed with all the forces at his disposal.

Soon after the Egyptians abrogated the 1936 Treaty with Britain a conference of the Muslim Brotherhood, meeting in Cairo, recommended that the Egyptian Government should declare war with Britain, that all Egyptians should be allowed to carry arms without licence, and that assaults on Britons should not be punishable offences under Egyptian penal code. Officially at least, Egypt is not at war with Great Britain, but apart from that a large part of the Muslim Brotherhood's hopes have been realised. Egyptian civilians are now legally entitled to carry arms. Attacks on British troops and installations in the Canal Zone show that many of them have seized upon the new licence and, so far as their courage and organisation has permitted, have made some sort of a start in their campaign to eject the British from Egyptian soil. Egyptian police have been decorated for bravery in their "stand against the British occupants of the Canal Zone." On the other hand, police and students were injured in a recent clash when a demonstration of students, demanding firmer action against Britain, was broken up in Cairo. Meanwhile, sniping and sabotage continue sporadically in the Canal Zone. On Boxing Day, General Erskine warned the Egyptian people that he would use the full strength of his considerable forces to deal with members of the so-called "youth commandos" who are training in Cairo.

HOW TO MAKE A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL—EGYPTIAN STYLE: In one of the tents set up in the grounds of Cairo University these young men are taking an unorthodox course in chemistry. The old jars, filled with high-explosives, are intended for use as improvised hand-grenades.

TEACHING EGYPTIAN "STRUGGLE FORMATIONS" STRONG-ARM TACTICS: The Egyptian caption to this picture says "A game that two can play." These teen-age students are taking a course in Judo. This is how they intend to deal with British Tommies in the Canal Zone.

THE ENCAMPMENT OF WOULD-BE TERRORISTS IN THE GROUNDS OF FOUAD I UNIVERSITY, CAIRO: Here, young University students are being taught the elements of guerilla tactics in preparing for the long-threatened attack on British troops. Under pressure from the Muslim Brotherhood the Egyptian Government has decided to allow civilians to carry arms.

CRAWLING UNDER BARBED WIRE—EGYPTIAN TERRORISTS IN THE FINAL STAGE OF THEIR GUERILLA COURSE: The students propose to crawl in this way into British camps armed with modern small arms and with the home-made Molotov cocktails which have, to some extent, already been used against troops and equipment in the Canal Zone.

THE BRITISH FREIGHTER "CHISWICK" WALLOWING IN HEAVY SEAS AFTER SPRINGING A LEAK IN THE ATLANTIC: The *Chiswick* was bound for England from Newfoundland wi a cargo of iron-ore. The first vessel to come to her help was the French liner *Ile de France*, which stood by the British ship until a sister-freighter arrived to maint the watch. Meanwhile, aboard the *Chiswick* a desperate battle was in progress, the pumps working full pressure to keep down the flooding. At one time the *Chiswi* was shipping water so fast in the engine-room that she sent out an S O S to the Coast Guards. Later she cancelled the call for assistance. As a result of her standi by, the *Ile de France* docked thirty-six hours late in New York. Captain Garrigue, of the *Ile de France*, said that the seas were the worst he had seen in twenty year

LOOKING ALONG THE BOAT DECK OF THE "ILE DE FRANCE" TOWARDS THE BRITISH FREIGHTER "CHISWICK," IN DISTRESS IN HEAVY SEAS: The *Chiswick* is owned by the British Steamship Company, of London, which received news of her plight just before the Christmas holidays. Many vessels recorded very rough crossings of the Atlantic in the days before Christmas, and the Cunard White Star liner *Caronia* was over thirty-seven hours late in the Hudson River when inward bound from Southampton.

STORM-BOUND ATLANTI(ICE-BOUND AMERICA

SOME ASPECTS OF THE WEATHER AS THE YEAR 1951 GAVE PLACE TO 1952

HOPING TO EARN SOME ADDITIONAL CHRISTMAS MONEY: This l crowd of men assembled outside the Department of Publi Works hiring hall in Detroit after the Mayor had declared state of emergency in the city and called for voluntary labo to help clear the highways. Police had to fight to keep ord among the exuberant crowd of would-be snow-shovelle

CHRISTMAS-CARD SCENES IN TWO AMERICAN CITIES: *Left*—This view of Chicago's South Shore district was taken from the roof of the Fifth Army Headquarters after the city sixth consecutive day of snow. During that period more than 22 ins. of snow fell. Shovellers and snow-ploughs were hard at work keeping the main highways clea *Right*—Shovellers cleaning up the New York Central Railroad yards in Watertown, New York State, after 40 ins. of snow had fallen in the course of a forty-eight-hour blizzar

A FRIGID SCENE UPON CHICAGO'S LAKE FRONT: A wave is seen smashing itself into spray to drench the lake shore, already held in the icy grip of winter. The cold wave swept the eastern seaboard of the United States right up to the Great Lakes.

On left—A ROAD SCENE IN SOUTH DAKOTA: These were three of many cars stranded in the snow in the south-central part of the State. After the snow fell the temperature dropped and the cars were icily imprisoned for several days.

Above — DECORATED FOR CHRISTMAS: Freezing spray from the turbulent waters of Lake Erie trimmed the lighthouse at Buffalo with icicles and coated the outer breakwall. The light stands just at the entrance to Buffalo harbour.

ALTHOUGH THE MERCURY WAS WELL BELOW FREEZING POINT THE NIAGARA RIVER STILL CONTINUED TO PLUNGE INTO ITS MIGHTY CHASM: This picture shows Luna island beneath its snowy mantle and the falls sweeping down on each side. The falls nearly always freeze over in part during the course of the winter, and occasionally the whole cataract becomes a gigantic series of icicles. On one occasion in the '30's the famous cantilever bridge was swept to destruction through the action of the ice.

BUILDING THE KENT OIL REFINERY

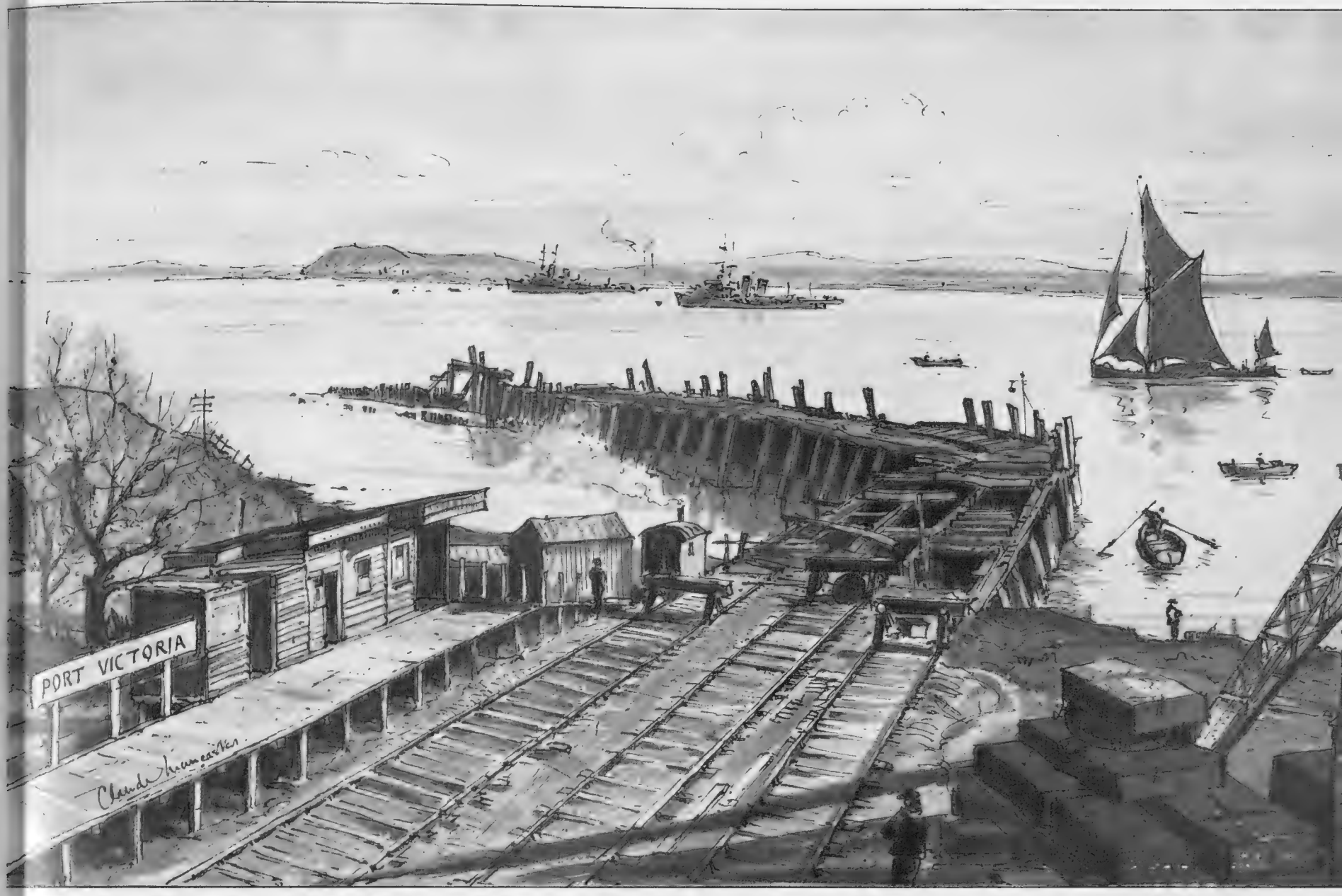
Work in Progress on the Marshland Site Where the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company Has Established Its Latest Project to Deal With Crude Oil From the Middle East

EXCAVATIONS FOR THE WATER-COOLING PUMPING PLANT ON THE SITE OF THE KENT REFINERY, ISLE OF GRAIN: Much of the water for cooling purposes will be drawn from a reservoir on the river front, which will take advantage of the 19-ft. rise and fall of the tide to trap sufficient water at high tide to keep the refinery running during low tide. Thus pumping costs will be saved. From the reservoir the sea-water will be led to the area of the refinery proper by a concrete-lined channel three-quarters of a mile long whence the main refinery circulating pumps will draw the supply for the cooling system.

PIPES WHICH WILL CARRY TO THE KENT REFINERY CRUDE OIL FROM THE TANKERS WHICH WILL COME TO THE ISLE OF GRAIN FROM THE MIDDLE EAST: Tankers of up to 32,000 tons will bring in the supplies, making fast at new deep-sea-tanker jetties which are being built. The tankers are operated by the British Tanker Company, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's shipping organisation.

A TEAM OF ELECTRIC-ARC WELDERS AT WORK ON A PIPE-LINE: These pipes will carry water for cooling purposes from the main water-cooling channel. 38,000 tons of material are required for the construction of all the pipe-lines.

THE GREAT WATER-COOLING CHANNEL ALONG WHICH SUPPLIES WILL FLOW TO THE NEW REFINERY AT A RATE OF 3,500,000 GALLONS PER HOUR: The water will be brought from the tide-filled reservoir and will be delivered to the central water pump house in the refinery area. From there it will go to the process plants.



PORT VICTORIA, ISLE OF GRAIN, AS IT IS TO-DAY; THE RAILWAY STATION AND THE OLD JETTY DATING FROM THE DAYS WHEN CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMERS USED THE PORT—A SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWING BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER: Queen Victoria paid frequent visits to the Continent via Port Victoria, and it was thought at one time that it would rival Harwich and Dover, but the tourist boom never materialised. Now, with the coming of Anglo-Iranian's great refinery to the Isle of Grain, the harbour and railway facilities there assume a vital importance. New jetties are under construction which will accommodate the largest of the new tankers now being built for the British Tanker Company, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's shipping organisation, and oil will come direct from the Middle East to this island refinery with its capacity of 4,000,000 tons per annum of crude oil. One source of supply will be Kuwait on the Persian Gulf.

OIL AND THE ISLE OF GRAIN

On the Marshlands Where Thames and Medway Meet, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company is Building a Great Refinery to Treat Four Million Tons Per Annum of Middle-East Crude Oil

By L. M. BATES

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS; PICTURE DIAGRAMS BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD; AND SPECIAL DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER, R.W.S.

RECENT events in the Near East have tended to draw attention from these islands and from certain projects there which, when completed, will do much to counteract serious losses abroad and demonstrate a determination to regain our former position in world economy. Those unhappy events oversea have stressed the need for both oil and the facilities for processing it if the British pattern of civilisation is to continue. This nation still has access to much of the world's reservoir of crude oil, and at the moment the question of turning it into finished products is possibly more difficult than one of supply. Our record of achievement during the early disasters of the Second World War should be sufficient guarantee that the question will ultimately be answered, but those who seek more tangible reassurance should visit the Kent refinery being built for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company on the Isle of Grain. There, in an uninspiring setting of swamp and mud, they would find inspiration.

Man seems to have considered the Isle of Grain as a suitable place in which to live for more than 2,000 years. Cut off, however, from the outside world by the Thames, the Medway and Yantlet Creek, he has been content during practically the whole of his occupation of it to fight the tides by continually strengthening and adding to the ancient river walls and to use the marshes as grazing lands. The islanders have seen much history flow past their shores, notably the invasion of the Medway by the Dutch in 1667. Progress apparently made its first visit to the island in 1882, when the Port Victoria branch of the former South-Eastern and Chatham Railway was opened, connecting the Isle of Grain with Gravesend and London.

Queen Victoria and other dignitaries often used Port Victoria in their journeys to and from the Continent. The island, too, is in the Dickens' country, and the film *Great Expectations* was partly made there. But none of these events appeared to have made any lasting impression on the ancient rural routine of the islanders. Progress attempted another attack in 1923, when the Medway Oil and Storage Company built a small oil refinery and storage plant in the south-western corner of the island. The refinery was eventually dismantled, although the storage tanks continued to be a thriving feature of the place. In 1944 history visited the island in earnest, for a branch of the famous "Pluto" pipeline began there and materially helped to supply the Allied armies on the Continent with oil. All the time, however, the Isle of Grain remained a sort of never-never land remote from the ships and events continually passing its riverine boundaries.

THE ISLE OF GRAIN, WHERE THE NEW KENT REFINERY IS IN COURSE OF BEING ESTABLISHED: It stands at the junction of Thames and Medway, an ideal spot for incoming tankers from the Middle East.

This lost island of sleepy hamlets and grazing lands received the impact of the new refinery construction just over a year ago; and a metamorphosis is swiftly taking place. Even now, however, outside the 800 acres being developed in the Company's 2,000-acre estate, the little farms, the grazing cattle, the old church and the general tenor of island life seem little changed since Saxon times. But the size and scope of the new work is evidence that this time progress has come to stay, and the ultimate effect of this industry, in the form of housing, employment, schools, approach roads, transport, etc., will indeed be profound.

One might well ask why this particular site was chosen for the refinery. Much of the marshy soil is below the level of high water, and is intersected by fleets, as the tidal ditches are called locally. As a result, part of the construction work demands deep-driven piles as a foundation. The narrow island roads were designed for wains rather than the truly enormous fleet of road transport necessary to bring men and materials to this lonely marsh. Railway access is not good, consisting solely of the old line to Port Victoria. There is almost no immediately local labour. None of these difficulties was, however,

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OIL AND THE ISLE OF GRAIN

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insuperable, and the over-riding advantage of the site lies in the deep-water frontage along the Medway—a water approach which will be able to accommodate the biggest tankers at present afloat. For an industry dealing with the huge tonnages to be handled at the refinery when completed, unrestricted water transport is of paramount importance.

Looking at the partially completed plant and the mountains and valleys of mud, it is hard to believe that operations began so recently. A drive (of necessity by Land-Rover) along the ten miles of temporary roads on the site is remarkably like a visit to a modern battlefield. This atmosphere is enhanced by the transport signs so evocative in their abridged technicalities of the beachmaster's directions during the invasion of the Continent. For instance, the charming legend " No Euclids " indicates to the drivers of certain monstrous trucks with a fabulous capacity that a particular stretch of road is barred to their passage. Pipes, girders, and pieces of machinery lie about seemingly with all the abandonment of an after-battle scene; but one senses that the quiet, unhurried men who go between the temporary offices and the various sites know where every piece is and its precise and final position in this gigantic jigsaw.

An important part of the project, already successfully completed, was the reclamation of about 100 acres of swamp for a tank site. Some 900,000 cubic yards of sand were dredged from a shoal in the Thames estuary, brought to the island in barges, liqu fied by the addition of water, and pumped into the morass. The refinery will be equipped with 160 tanks of varying sizes up to the largest type, 60 ft. high and 144 ft. diameter. The tanks each cost up to £15,000 to construct. Several of them are completed.

The all-important and partially completed distillation unit and catalytic cracking plant, about 150 ft. high, are already landmarks. Flanking them are three out of a total of four stacks, the highest 300 ft.; and it will not be long before cartographers plot this fortuitous signpost for shipping on their charts. Running from the river up to the centre of the site like a canal, and indeed almost navigable for small craft, is the cooling-water channel connecting with a reservoir which holds approximately 18,000,000 gallons of water. On the Medway waterfront good progress is being made on the construction of five new jetties.

The problem of finding the 3,500 men employed in building the refinery was solved by going far afield—seemingly very far afield in some cases, for a few of the unskilled labourers consist of Sikhs and West Indians. The difficulties of access

LOOKING ACROSS THE TANK FARM AREA TO THE WATERS OF THE MEDWAY—A VIEW OF PART OF THE ISLE OF GRAIN REFINERY. necessary auxiliary units for the sweetening and blending of the chief products. This stage is due for the Lubricating Oil Refinery, and stage three, also to be completed in 1953, will be the completion of the

THE NEW KENT REFINERY BEGINS TO RISE ABOVE THE MARSHLANDS OF THE ISLE OF GRAIN, THE PANORAMA OF THE VAST PLANT WHERE WORK WAS BEGUN IN MID-1950 (AND WHICH WILL BE COMPLETED IN THREE STAGES), SHOWN IN A SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWING BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER, R.W.S. : On the extreme left of the drawing is the skeleton of the refinery power house. The main electricity supply will be initially from the grid, but when this power house is completed there will be an ample supply from the refinery's own turbo-generators driven by high-pressure boilers. In front of the chimneys can be seen the cooler box for the propane de-asphalting unit for lubricating oil production. In the centre foreground is the main tower for the same unit. This weighs 170 tons. In the centre also is the main steelwork of the catalytic cracking plant, with a derrick crane being assembled behind it. To the right of the derrick is seen the steelwork, together with the main chimney, of the first of two large vacuum distillation units. On the extreme right are the main columns for the pump house and the chimney-stack of the atmospheric distillation unit.

AIN REFINERY SITE: Stage one in the general construction scheme comprises the oil distillation plant and the completion in the first half of the present year. Stage two, due for completion early in 1953, embraces e catalytic cracking plant for converting the heavier types of semi-refined oil into high-grade motor spirit.

have already been touched on and, although a small camp provides quarters for some of the men, the rest have to come and go from and to the densely populated Medway valley as well as places in more distant parts of Kent Messrs. E. B. Badger and Son, the co-ordinating contractors, solved the problem by hiring a heterogenous fleet of road passenger transport sufficiently large and mobile to move twice daily what is virtually an army. The question of transport was not, however, the only one to be answered in connection with labour. A magnificent canteen, which can deal with 1,600 men at one sitting, has been built, and there are first-aid stations and other necessary services. Few trades are not represented in this muddy hive, but most of the men have the wearing of gumboots in common.

The diversity of machines used on the site is a reminder that man's powers of construction lag not far behind his awful ability to destroy. Machines which separately dig, scoop, level, hoist and pile, snort and rave alongside stoical West Indians or cheerful Cockneys working with pick and shovel. To the average layman, hardly knowing the mechanical workings of a lawn-mower, it might well seem that most of the hierarchy of tools representing human ingenuity is being employed. A great number of the vehicles show their respect for the adhesive qualities of the marsh mud by running on crawler tracks, and the deeply ribbed tyres of the others are equally significant. More than 160 machines and vehicles of various kinds pass a given point in one hour on working days. The important part played in the project by transport accounts for the sight of uniformed pointsmen directing traffic at intersections of the temporary roads.

One of the less fortunate features of modern progress is its price, and the new refinery will cost somewhere in the region of £40,000,000. When, however, the astronomical quantities of material consumed in its construction are considered, this staggering sum appears more reasonable—steel (not including pipe-lines), 70,000 tons; cement, 40,000 tons; bricks, about 12,000,000; timber, 9,400 tons; pipelines, 38,000 tons; reinforcing steel, 8,000 tons; and, all told, about 750,000 cubic yards of earth will have been moved by the time the refinery is finished. When it begins operation, it will require 600,000 lb. of steam per hour, i.e., enough to drive the Royal Scot 1,200 miles; it will generate 14,000 kilowatts, i.e., enough electricity to supply Eastbourne or Gravesend; its water consumption, 3,500,000 gallons per hour, will be more than the quantity used by Glasgow.

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OIL AND THE ISLE OF GRAIN

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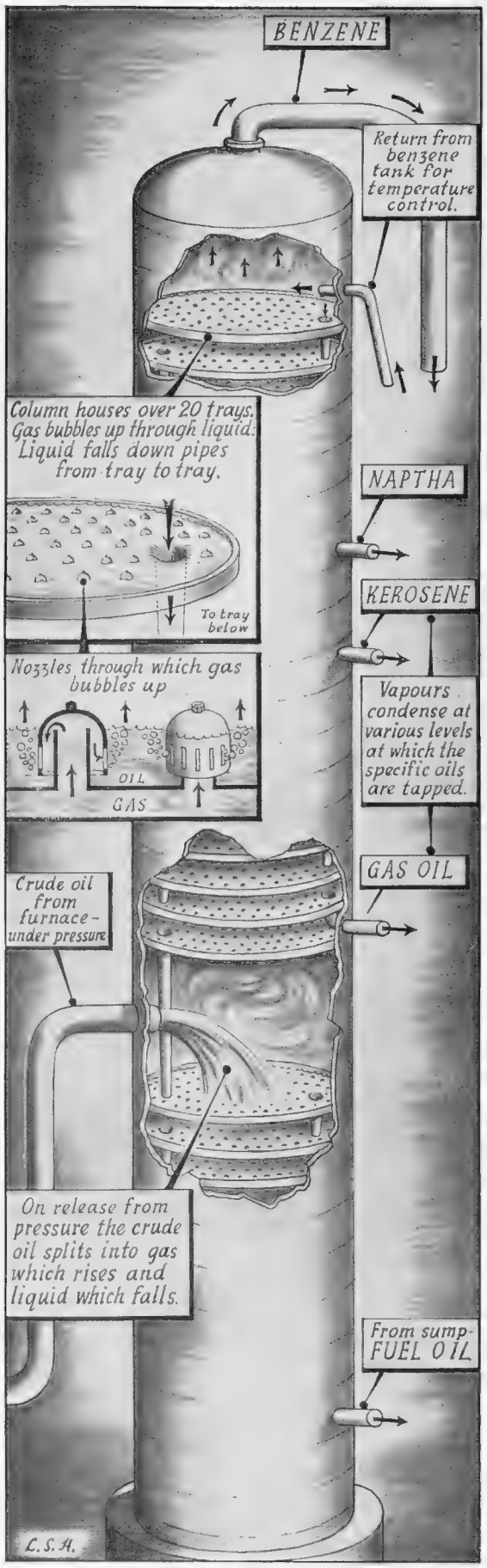


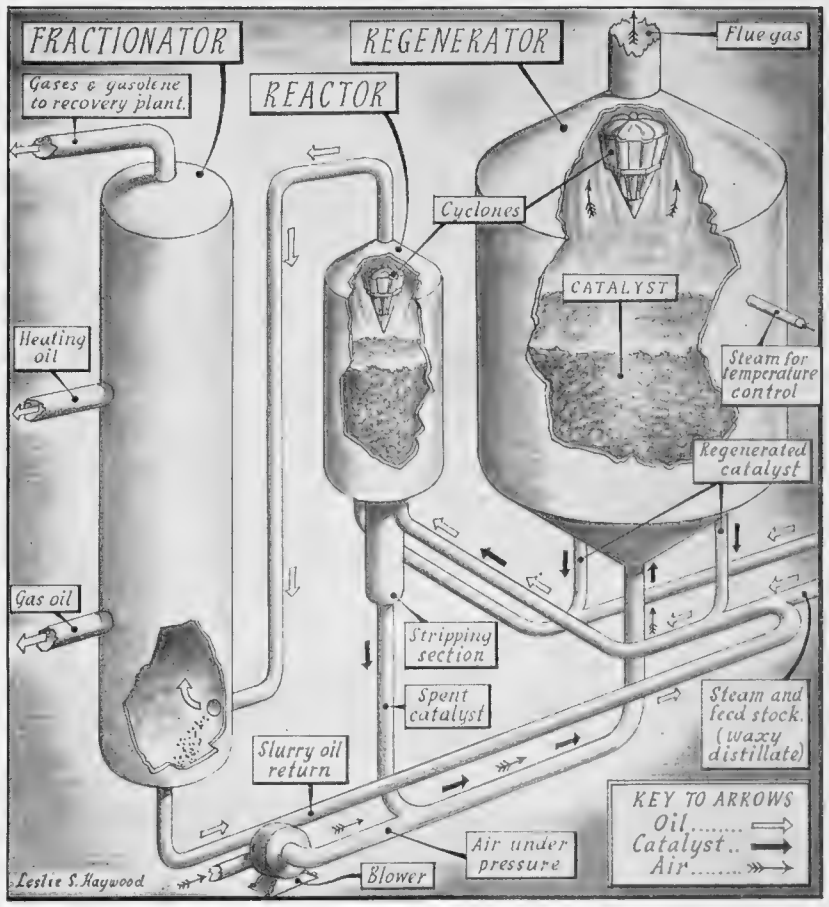
ILLUSTRATING THE OPERATION OF A FLASH TOWER OF A DISTILLATION UNIT OR FRACTIONATING COLUMN: This is the first process in the treatment of crude oil, and simply splits the oil into the main constituent oils, which are then passed to other plants for individual treatment. Crude oil, previously heated to temperatures up to 750 deg. Fah. in pipe-still furnaces, is flashed as vapour into the fractionating tower, where the various components of the crude oil condense at different levels within the tower on "bubble trays." The fractionating tower separates oil into component parts or fractions, but it cannot change the basic proportions of the various products. That is left to further refining processes such as catalytic cracking.

On right—

FROM TANKER JETTY TO DISPATCH—HOW THE KENT REFINERY WILL DEAL WITH THE CRUDE OIL FROM THE MIDDLE EAST, CREATING MOTOR SPIRIT, FUEL OIL AND LUBRICATING OIL FOR THE BRITISH MARKET: In this diagrammatic sketch Mr. Leslie S. Haywood shows the main processes which the crude oil undergoes. After entering crude storage tanks the oil passes through the distillation unit or fractionating column. Some of it then passes through the sweetening plant where corrosive compounds and unpleasant vapours are removed to provide motor spirit of regular grade. Naphtha, kerosene, light gas oil and heavy gas oil similarly pass to their appointed tanks from the fractionating tower. In the catalytic cracking plant the large molecules of heavy petroleum fractions, such as gas oil and fuel oils, are broken down into smaller molecules of gases and motor spirit. On the left of the drawing is the lubricating oil plant. This includes the propane de-asphalting plant.

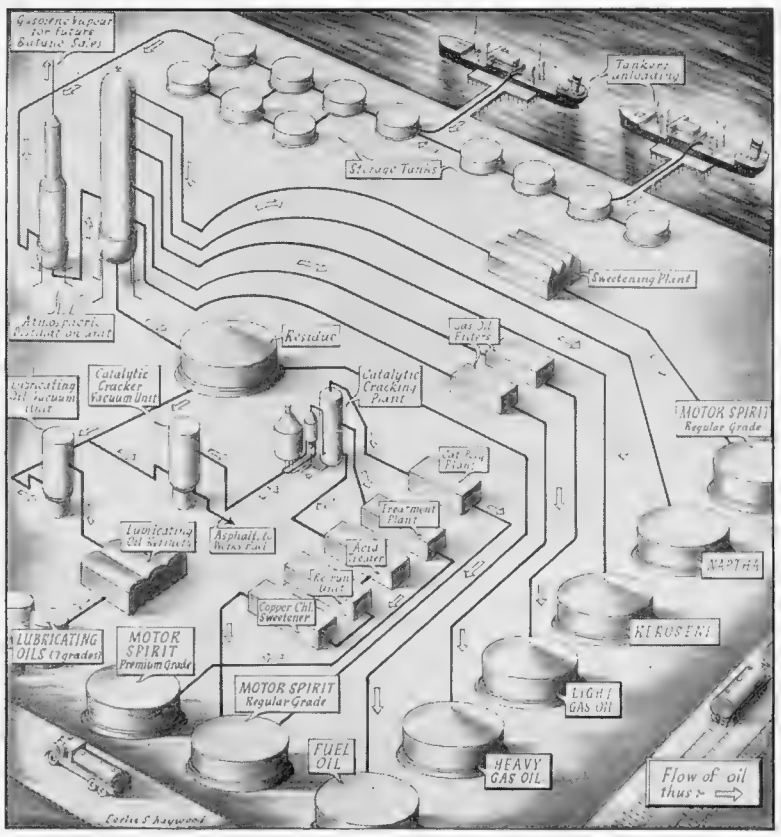
The work is to be completed in three stages. Stage 1 comprises the crude-oil distillation plant and necessary auxiliary plants for the sweetening and blending of the chief products. These plants are due to be commissioned in the summer of 1952 and will deal with about 2,000,000 tons of crude oil a year, increasing to 4,000,000 tons by 1953. Stages 2 and 3 embrace the catalytic cracking plant and the lubricating oil refinery. Plants for the manufacture of other products requiring special processes may be installed at a later fourth stage. It is expected that when the refinery is completed a permanent staff of about 1,500, the majority of whom will be drawn from the surrounding district, will be needed for operating purposes.

In attempting to deal with a project as complex as this new refinery, an article of this nature must avoid the Scylla of vague generalisation and the Charybdis of technical terms. Briefly, the working of the refinery will begin with the arrival of the tanker at one of the new jetties with its cargo of crude oil. This will be pumped into the crude-oil storage tanks as a preliminary to processing through the distillation unit. This plant will deal with all the crude oil as it arrives, the final figure of 4,000,000 tons a year representing about 80,000 barrels a day. In the distillation unit the oil will be cut away at various levels of the distillation range — motor spirit, kerosene, tractor vaporising oil, gas oil, fuel oils, feed stock for lubricants, and asphalt. The residue of semi-refined oils will then be pumped into the catalytic cracking plant where the molecules will be cracked to produce high-grade motor spirit. The finished products—965,000 tons of motor spirit a year, 110,000 tons of kerosene, 29,000 tons of vaporising oil, 490,000 tons of gas oil, 1,862,000 tons of fuel oils and 140,000 tons of lubricants—will be pumped into their special tanks; dispatch for sale being finally effected by pumping into sea, river, road and rail transport.



DEMONSTRATING THE ACTION OF THE FLUID CATALYTIC CRACKING PROCESS WHICH WILL BE IN OPERATION AT THE KENT REFINERY: The keynote of this new process, which is vital to the production of high-grade motor spirit, is the reaction of oil vapours with a finely powdered catalyst, which flows like a liquid circulating and intermingling with the oil vapours. Cracking means breaking down the large molecules of heavy petroleum fractions, such as gas oil and fuel oils, into smaller molecules of gases and motor spirit by subjecting them to very high temperatures. During this reaction, which cracks the hydrocarbons, a quantity of coke is deposited on the catalyst, reducing its activity. To reactivate the catalyst for re-use the coke is burned off in the regenerator. The capacity of the regenerator to remove coke from the catalyst determines the capacity of the entire unit. Hot catalyst, ready for use, is stored in the regenerator. The cat. cracker is fed with gas oil from the fractionating tower. As the process begins the catalyst flows down to its own feed lines and is injected into the oil-feed lines. The heat of the catalyst flash vaporises the oil, thus reducing the density of the material in the reactor feed lines. Then follows the movement of catalyst-oil mixture into the reactor. There the mixture establishes a definite level known as a bed. The depth of this bed regulates the time of reaction and can be varied to provide any desired degree of cracking. The feed vapours passing upward through the bed insure proper contact with the catalyst. As cracking continues, coke forms on the catalyst and, as noted above, reduces its activity. This spent catalyst continuously separates from oil vapours through the gravity, which action is aided by the cyclonic separators at the top of the reactor. The spent catalyst then flows through the stripping section at the bottom of the reactor.

It is the custom in the Merchant Navy for the master designate of a new ship to be installed at the yard during her construction, and he is then said to have been "built into the ship." On this principle, Mr. C. S. Cleverly, the general manager of the refinery and a man of wide experience, is being built into the new works. He made this vast and complex undertaking appear very simple by presenting the problem to me as merely one of planning the work, finding the men and giving them the necessary tools. From him I learned that the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company have been at some pains to avoid giving the impression that they are an all-powerful body seeking to impose their stamp upon a rural district, and full discussions have taken place with the local authorities and every help given in the matter of housing, drainage and other problems.



Up and down the Medway, past the Isle of Grain, steams a fair proportion of the Royal Navy, and just across the fairway is the naval dockyard of Sheerness. But the island has never really been on speaking terms with the ships and slipways of the Silent Service; the situation was succinctly summed up during the late war by the coxswain of a certain small warship: he referred to the Isle of Grain as "Terry Incognightey."

It will not be long, however, before the Navy regards this former Cinderella of an island with much more respect, for the transformation there taking place is very similar to the transmutation of the wastes of Abadan into a golden landmark in British enterprise. Oil, the symbol of modern power, will infuse new life into this ancient Medway marsh: to those who can see past the trees into the wood, the design is profoundly significant.

Transformation Upon the Isle of Grain

SKETCHES FROM THE ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK DURING A TOUR OF THE VAST CONSTRUCTION SITE OF THE KENT REFINERY. —SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER

In these special drawings Claude Muncaster, who visited the Isle of Grain on behalf of THE SPHERE, shows the present progress of the work on the site where Anglo-Iranian's new project is going into action and creating at the junction of Thames and Medway a mighty new refinery. *Top left*—The catalytic cracking plant, which plays a vital part in the chain of operations. Cat-cracking is a process quite distinct from distillation. By means of it the residue oil in the vacuum distillation unit is broken down in the presence of a catalyst, and in correct temperature conditions, to form petrol and light products. The cat-cracker is fed with gas oil from the fractionating tower. The powdered catalyst flows with a stream of this vaporised oil into a reactor. There, in a dense swirling cloud, all the vapour comes into close contact with countless particles of the catalyst. As the cracking reaction progresses incoming oil vapours and fresh catalyst keep forcing the cracked vapours and the blackened catalyst to the top of the reactor, where they are separated. *Top right*—The emergency sluice gates between the cooling reservoir which will be filled by the tides, and the water channel which will convey the sea-water to the Kent Refinery's main pumping plant. *Centre on left*—This drawing shows the laying of floor plates for a 144-ft. diameter oil storage tank which will contain 10,000 tons of oil. Other tanks contain up to 20,000 tons dependent upon the foundation. *Centre on right*—The atmospheric distillation unit in its present state of construction without some of the piping in position. This plant is capable of processing 4,000,000 tons of crude oil per annum. *Bottom left*—These tanks under construction are associated with the blow-down system. They are receptacles for hot oils blown down from furnaces in emergencies. Hot oil is thus prevented from converging and causing pipes to burst. *Bottom right*—Here the artist gives a general impression of the mud conditions encountered in excavating the sea-water reservoir. This reservoir acts as a storage intermediary between the tidal waters of the estuary and the channel taking the sea-water to the refinery for cooling purposes.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD AT THE TURN OF THE YEAR

The Pope's Christmas Address; Disasters in America, Britain and Persia; Mr. Vishinsky and the Egyptians

POPE PIUS XII DELIVERS HIS CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM HIS THRONE IN THE VATICAN: Taking as his theme "The Church and Peace," the Pope said that if world peace was to be guaranteed it would have to be founded on the Christian order. The world, he said, was divided into two camps, each reluctant to have anyone politically neutral towards them. Those who wrongly considered the Church as a kind of earthly Power were easily led to ask her to favour one side or the other, but the Church could never abandon her political neutrality and serve purely political interests. On the other hand, while the Church could not descend from the "lofty supernatural sphere where political neutrality has no meaning in the sense in which this idea applies to earthly Powers," her divine mission on earth did not permit her to remain indifferent as between good and evil in human affairs. Because to-day there was a spiritual deficiency in the world, the Pope went on, the heart of the problem of peace belonged now to the spiritual order. Speaking of the "monstrous cruelty of modern arms," the Pope said that the terror they inspired gradually lost its effect or, at least, would not suffice to prevent the outbreak of war. Disarmament was an unstable guarantee, and the efforts of the Church were now directed to preventing war by remedying our "spiritual anæmia."

OFFICIAL CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FOR THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT: The British Ambassador to Italy, Sir Victor Mallet (right) is seen in Rome's Quirinal Palace, on his way to wish the Italian President, Luigi Einaudi, a Happy Christmas. Sir Victor is accompanied by a member of his staff. The Italian President received diplomatic representatives of other nations who presented themselves at the Palace on similar missions.

MINE-WORKERS AT WEST FRANKFURT, ILLINOIS, AWAITING NEWS OF THEIR TRAPPED COMRADES: In the background on right, two rescue workers are seen entering the cage for their descent to the galleries where 119 miners, trapped nearly two miles from the shaft, lost their lives.

DISASTER IN AN AMERICAN COAL-MINE: One of the only two men brought out alive after the explosion in a coal-mine at West Frankfurt, Illinois, is carried by rescue workers from the pithead. There were altogether 119 deaths, making it the worst American disaster of this kind for nearly thirty years. Of the two men brought out alive one died shortly afterwards in hospital. The survivor, forty-four-year-old Cecil Sanders, was carried to the surface suffering only from exhaustion sixty hours after the explosion occurred. He said that with nine other miners he had erected a barricade of burlap, partly effective against gas. All his companions died behind this flimsy shelter shortly before the arrival of rescue workers. The disaster was caused by an explosion of methane, which was followed by fire. Rescuers were greatly hampered by gas. An official of the Bureau of Mines described the occurrence as "an absolutely avoidable accident," and an investigation has begun.

STILL WEARING THEIR BREATHING APPLIANCES, RESCUE WORKERS CARRY ANOTHER OF THEIR COMRADES FROM THE PITHEAD: Altogether 218 men were at work in this bituminous coal-mine when the explosion occurred. The pit is one of the largest shaft mines in the world and produces 3,000,000 tons a year. It has twelve miles of tunnels and a shaft 550 ft. deep.

MR. VISHINSKY WITH THE ARAB LEAGUE LEADER IN PARIS: The Egyptian delegation to the United Nations recently gave a reception to the heads of other delegations attending the General Assembly in Paris. In this picture Mr. Vishinsky (extreme right) touches glasses with the Arab League Secretary, General Azzam Pasha. On the left is the Egyptian Foreign Minister, Salah ed-Din Pasha. In the centre is the now familiar bearded Alexander Pavlov, Soviet Ambassador to France, and next to Mr. Vishinsky is the Egyptian Prince Abbas Hilmi, heir to the Egyptian throne.

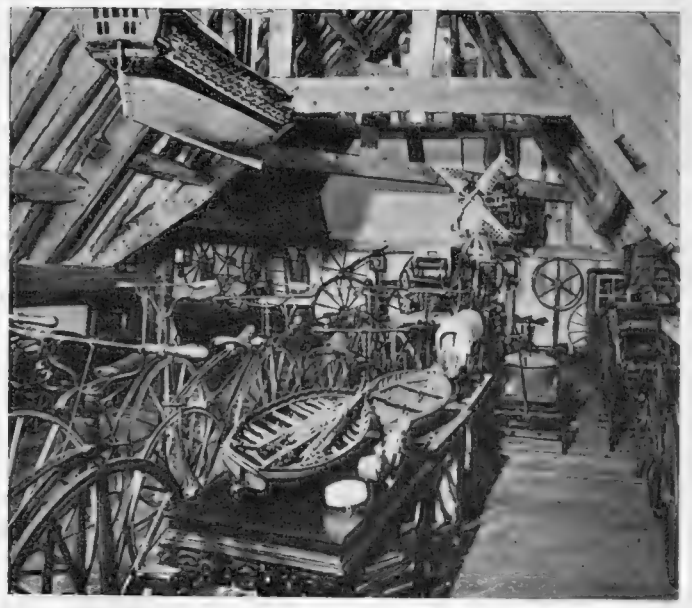
A DISASTROUS FIRE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY OF LONDON: Three firemen died and a number were injured in dealing with this fire, which destroyed a warehouse in Broad Street goods station and was the worst in London since the war. Three hundred firemen and seventy pumps were called from all parts of the Metropolitan area to cope with the blaze. Walls collapsed, partly burying one of the fire-engines and injuring some of the fire-fighters. The outbreak was reported early in the evening, and before the first turntables were in position most of the top floor was ablaze. Water-jets played on to the flames could not prevent them spreading, and soon the top three storeys, believed to contain paper, glass and cartons, were all ablaze. Firemen were severely hampered by the narrowness of the streets, where it was often difficult for one appliance to pass another. Towards midnight the fire was under control, but it was many hours before it was possible to enter the building.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE EGYPTIAN AIRLINER THAT CRASHED IN PERSIA ON DECEMBER 22: Dr. Henry Garland Bennett, Director of the Technical Co-operation Administration (which administers the American "Point Four" programme), was among the twenty-two victims of this air crash, which occurred about two miles north of Teheran in a blinding snowstorm. There were no survivors. The aircraft, a Misrair four-engined Languedoc, reached Teheran from Bagdad in spite of the bad weather and circled the airport four times. The control tower at Teheran then lost touch with it and it was believed to have returned to Bagdad. When it was discovered next morning that the plane had not arrived at Bagdad, a search by air was made and the wreckage was found. The aircraft had apparently struck the ground twice before falling into a ravine. Twenty bodies, four of which were later identified as American members of Dr. Bennett's party, were recovered.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS in SUBURBIA and the COTSWOLDS

Preserving the Royal Blackheath Golf Club: Snowshill, Near Broadway, for the Nation

THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY RED BRICK CLUB-HOUSE OF THE ROYAL BLACKHEATH GOLF CLUB AT ELTHAM, WHICH IS RECEIVING THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF CROWN LANDS WITH A VIEW TO PREVENTING FURTHER DETERIORATION: *Right*—An exterior view showing the south side of the building. *Left*—An Adam fireplace in the dining-room of the club-house. The work of restoration is being organised by the Ancient Monuments Division of the Ministry of Works and the proposals include a concrete raft under the floor to fortify the walls. The work will take two years. The house, typical of the Charles II period, was built by Sir John Shaw. It has fine ceilings and a carved staircase. Patching was carried out before the war, and since the war further work has been done in order to support the ceilings. The Blackheath club, which dates from 1608, when James I played golf with his courtiers there, moved to Eltham in 1923.



A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF EARLY TRICYCLES, BICYCLES, SHIPS, CARRIAGE AND FARM WAGON MODELS: It is stored in one of the upper rooms of Snowshill Manor, Broadway, near Gloucestershire, which has been presented to the nation.

THE DINING-HALL OF SNOWSHILL MANOR, BROADWAY, SHOWING THE STAIRCASE AND GALLERY: The greater part of this house, which is now being taken over by the National Trust, is Tudor in the typical Cotswold style, but the main front was added about 1700. The contents consist of a series of interesting collections of bygones, Italian and Spanish cabinets, clothing of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, musical instruments, toys, clocks and early bicycles, all acquired by Mr. Charles Wade, the donor, during his lifetime. He also designed the gardens, which fall in terraces from the steep hill on which the house stands.

MORE INTERIOR VIEWS OF SNOWSHILL, THE OLD COTSWOLD MANSION WHICH WILL BE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC IN THE SPRING: *Left*—The fireplace in the main dining-hall. The spit is worked by a smoke jack. There is a wrought-iron crane and other hearth furniture, and the iron fireback bears the Royal arms. *Right*—The entrance hall, dating from about 1700. In the background are a sedan chair and a footman's lantern. Snowshill will be open from May 1 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 2 to 6 p.m., and on Saturdays and Sundays from 11 to 1, and 2 to 6. It will not be open during the winter.

THE COPYISTS RETURN TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY

And it is Good News for the World of Art

By

R. H. WILENSKI

(Artist and Art Critic and Former Special Lecturer on the History of Art, Victoria University, Manchester)

IT is good news that the copyists have come back to the National Gallery. For who does not stop a minute to watch the student at work, perched on a high stool, or on foot before his easel, with his paint-box and half-squeezed tubes upon the stool? Who will pretend that he is not intrigued as the image on the canvas changes with each brush-stroke and every touch of paint? Who, moreover, is so dry-as-dust as not to rejoice at seeing these young people actually painting in a museum of pictures by men, long since dead, who worked with exactly the same tools and who, in some cases, were no older than they are (Raphael and Watteau died at thirty-seven; Geertgen tot Sint Jans at thirty; Masaccio at twenty-seven; Lucas van Leyden was an infant prodigy in the sixteenth century; and the English Millais painted his best pictures before he was twenty-five). And who can resist speaking a word or two to these eager and handsome young people—for art students, though often grubby, are in general remarkably good-looking. (Has not that young man copying Gozzoli's "Rape of Helen" himself the profile of a *Quattrocento* Florentine youth?)

It is thus good news for the public visiting the Gallery (except for the perverse creatures who persuade themselves that the only pictures they want especially to look at on that morning are those obscured by the copyists' easels); and it is of course good news for the students, because copying fine pictures has always been part of an artist's education and many great artists have done this, not only in youth, but also in later life (Rubens copied Titian's "Adam and Eve" when he was fifty-one, and famous all over Europe).

A COPYIST AT WORK IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY: He leans forward to take a closer look at the original picture. He is copying a Rembrandt, "The Woman Taken in Adultery." Rembrandt is a favourite artist with the copyists, who are now admitted again to the Gallery, many of them being fascinated no doubt by the Dutchman's exemplification of the power of chiaroscuro.

The purpose which the art student has in mind when copying a picture varies, of course, in each case; and the character of his copy depends upon his purpose. A student, for example, who wants to learn more about some artist who especially excites him will copy his picture because he knows that only thus can he really grasp the main structure and the delicate details. If this be his object he has first to find out how this artist set about his work, and build his copy the same way; he must prepare with a white ground and draw the composition in green monochrome and then glaze the colours over if that was the original technique, or build up his picture with thick impasto for the light parts and thin, transparent colours for the dark parts, if his chosen artist has worked so. For though the artists' tools and materials have scarcely varied through the ages, the use made of them has changed with every period and almost with every man; there has been no standard way of painting; every painter who mattered has evolved a technique to give form to his own sensibility and vision; and it is this sensibility and vision that this type of student is really in the Gallery to copy.

Another student, engaged perhaps on a large composition for an art school competition, or a Rome Scholarship, may be copying a figure or a group that he means to insert, with some alterations, in his own design. I remember, for example, that years ago, in the Louvre, a young man arrived when I was looking at Boucher's "Diane Sortant du Bain"; he set up his easel, put a small panel upon it, and in twenty minutes he had slashed on a free copy of the charming Diana; "I want a figure in this pose for a picture I am painting," he explained to me as he packed up his paint-box. "Boucher drew much better than I can, so I have got him to lend me a hand."

PREPARING THE COLOURS: A copyist engaged in the re-creation of a Rembrandt masterpiece at the National Gallery. His hours are restricted between 9.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. on Mondays or Fridays.

Yet another student will make a free copy of a whole picture, but extract from it only the features he admires, or needs, at the moment—the colour-scheme, perhaps, or the light and shade arrangement (Reynolds in Italy made dozens of little black-and-white drawings of the chiaroscuro compositions of Italian pictures). For free copies of various types have been made at all times by all kinds of artists. (Rubens, in his copy of Titian's "Adam and Eve," already referred to, made Adam lean forward, though he is leaning back in the original; and his Eve has the knobbly knees so characteristic of his painting, while the knees of Titian's Eve are much smoother and less bony; and both Van Gogh and Sickert painted pictures in their own colouring from monochrome engravings.)

Some of the copyists at the National Gallery are not students, but professional copyists. I have never discovered what becomes of their copies. But if the copyist is a good artist and has produced a really accurate copy, there should be a home for it in some gallery weak in works by that master, or where he is not represented at all.

No one, of course, copies pictures in the National Gallery with a view to selling the copies as originals. The originals are too well known. But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there was an enormous trade in spurious "old masters," especially of the Dutch and Flemish schools; and whole workshops in Antwerp and Amsterdam and elsewhere produced pictures "by" Teniers and Wouverman and so on, which in fact were copies, with some changes, of a few originals in stock.

IN THE FLEMISH GALLERY AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: While an attendant preside over the almost empty room, the lone copyist concentrates on his grea task of reproducing a Rembrandt masterpiece. The copyists have now returne to the National Gallery for the first time since before the Second World Wa

TWO FAVOURITE SUBJECTS OF THE COPYIST: *Left*—"Dona Isabel Cobos de Porcel," a Goya purchased in 1806 from Madrid. *Right*—Van Dyck's portrait of "Cornelius van der Geest" (1619-20). This was purchased for the nation in 1824.

THE COPYISTS RETURN TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY

And Some of the Famous Pictures which They Seek to Copy

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, the National Gallery, London

THE GLOWING ART OF REMBRANDT WHICH APPEALS SO STRONGLY TO THE COPYIST: *Left*—Rembrandt's "Saskia in the role of Flora." *Right*—"A Woman Bathing."

COPYING EL GRECO'S "PACIFICATION OF THE TEMPLE": Betty Usmur, a student from Maidstone College of Art, at work in the National Gallery. The student who devotes time to copying can expect to learn a great deal about the structure of painting, and this is often the main motive impelling the copyist

COPYING GOZZOLI'S "RAPE OF HELEN": James Cole, a student from Hornsey School of Art, is watched as he engages upon his copying activities by young visitors to the National Gallery.

TAKING A CLOSE LOOK AT GOZZOLI'S ORIGINAL: The art student examines in detail the work of the Florentine which he is engaged in copying. Gozzoli's works are usually crowded with figures. His colour is often festive.

STARTING WORK ON A COPY OF "CHRIST MOCKED": Charles Holman, another student of Hornsey School of Art, copying one of the great canvases of the Flemish School, the work of Jerom Bosch.

THE MORNING'S WORK IS OVER: Three young copyists leaving the National Gallery, their work advanced another stage towards completion. For them this copying is a vital phase in their artistic education, and it is good to know that once again the National Gallery is catering for their interests.

A STAGE WITHIN A STAGE: One of the charming scenes in Dennis Cannan's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's *Colombe*, produced by Peter Brook at the New Theatre. In the centre is Yvonne Arnaud as Madame Alexandra, a character apparently based on that of Sarah Bernhardt. The final curtain of yet another triumph of the ageing actress provides one of the most effective of such backstage scenes which have been seen on the London stage. *Colombe* tells the story of a pretty little flower-girl (Joyce Redman) who marries the son of the great Parisian actress who in some ways resembles the Divine Sarah. The son goes off to do his military service and his wife is engaged by Madame Alexandra (Yvonne Arnaud) to play in her company. The girl is beset by the elderly men of the theatre—the author, the theatre director and the leading man, and has a love-affair with her husband's gay young brother. Michael Gough plays her husband, who is furiously jealous of Colombe's admirers, and of her enjoyment of the more sophisticated pleasures to which they have introduced her.

"COLOMBE"

Jean Anouilh's Latest Comedy Gives Him Another London Success at the New Theatre

MADAME ALEXANDRA IN HER DRESSING-ROOM: Billie Hill plays the chiropodist and Yvonne Arnaud the ageing star of the Paris theatre, whose tantrums are somewhat lessened by Miss Arnaud's natural inevitable charm.

"ARE YOU COMING UP TO CHANGE TOO, DEAR?" The leading man, Lagarde, played by Laurence Naismith, pays court to the beautiful young Colombe. Behind the chair is David Horne as the director and a rival for her favours.

A HUSBAND ON LEAVE: Michael Gough, as Julien, finds his wife Colombe (Joyce Redman) preparing to have supper with people she believes can advance her career. The young soldier will not believe in her professed innocence and sets the theatre by its ears in his jealous frenzy. The little love-affair which began in simplicity and devotion (as shown in the epilogue to the play) eventually breaks on the rocks of Colombe's need for a more varied and gayer life.

THE WAR ALONG TONKIN'S BLACK RIVER

SOME ASPECTS OF THE RECENT FIGHTING WEST OF HANOI, WHERE THE INDO-CHINESE GUERILLA FORCES HAVE BEEN REPULSED

THE EMPEROR BAO DAI PAYS A VISIT TO THE BLACK RIVER FRONT TO THE WEST OF HANOI, WHERE FIERCE FIGHTING HAS TAKEN PLACE OF RECENT WEEKS: *Left*—His Majesty reviewing parachute troops who had inflicted heavy losses on the Indo-Chinese guerilla forces during recent bitter fighting in the region of Mount Bavi, on the Black River, about 35 miles west of Hanoi. *Right*—Indo-Chinese officials from the region of the Black River who came down to meet Bao Dai. Mount Bavi controls the traffic on the Black River and all road movements from the inner part of the Red River delta to the French outposts in the front line.

While the Korean war holds the limelight, the hardly less costly and no less long-drawn-out wars in Malaya and Indo-China continue also to be ulcers upon the face of Asia. While Korea has its Heartbreak Hill, Indo-China has its Mount Bavi, that key-point 35 miles to the west of Hanoi, which has been attacked and counter-attacked with bewildering frequency in recent weeks. The French and Vietnamese troops have, on the whole, done well in this fighting in the Black River area, which Mount Bavi commands, but at the time of writing the situation remains confused. The French reconnaissance patrols along the Black River have been most effective, and whenever they locate an infiltrating enemy force they swiftly relay the information back to headquarters and institute air and artillery bombardments. As a result Viet-Minh attempts to regroup have been thwarted time and time again, but the French know that they are up against a wily enemy. It is now just over a year since General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny was invested with joint military and civil powers. On his arrival in Hanoi he declared that the days of wavering were over. But the war goes on, and as M. Daladier said in Paris to his fellow deputies on the eve of the New Year, "We are expending our blood and our money to ensure the successful transmission of powers to a government which has not ceased to complain and demand equality with France." Many agreed with him about the unending burden; but all except the Communists voted the new military appropriations.

CLEARING A ROAD IN THE BLACK RIVER BATTLE AREA AFTER AN ENEMY BOMBARDMENT: French troops recovering materials from a wrecked lorry which received a direct hit from enemy artillery. In the most recent fighting along the Black River the Viet-Minh forces have been resorting once again to infiltration methods, for the time being abandoning frontal attack.

FIGHTING A JUNGLE WAR AGAINST AN ELUSIVE ENEMY: *Left*—A French parachutist advancing along a jungle path in search of infiltrating forces. *Right*—Engineers making a new bridge for infantrymen and their transport in the region of Phat Diem, where there has been very heavy fighting. Just before Christmas it was noted that the guerilla tactics had undergone big changes and there were rumours that foreign advisers were playing an increasing part in the war.

SEEKING THE SUN IN SOUTH AFRICA

Some of the Enchantments of the Union and of the Great Hinterland to the North

IN the magic days of my youth I cast aside the bonds of city life in Britain and ventured to South Africa, where I lived for some years, only leaving because my wanderlust made me crave to see the rest of the world. Thus, from considerable experience, even though it may be slightly biased, I claim that if there is just one long-distance journey every travel-minded person, rich or poor, young or old, should make in their lifetime, it should be to this sun-washed land. And, if time permits, the circuit of the African continent ought to be made by sea, calling at the various ports whose very names haunt anyone with imagination. Then, without a doubt, you would provide yourself with the best investment in life: a treasure-house of memories whose value could never depreciate through the remainder of your days.

For those in a hurry the joint service of B.O.A.C. and South African Airways can transport you by magic carpet in a mere thirty hours from London to Johannesburg, with Cape Town less than four hours farther on. But being shot rather like a parcel through the air is hardly the ideal holiday approach to a land where the admirable Zulu proverb "Time is made for slaves," should never be forgotten. And it is, indeed, by sea, along the well-named "Sunshine" route, that a restful and health-giving journey is best made to the Cape, concerning which Drake wrote: "This Cape is a most stately thing and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth."

Several shipping lines maintain regular passenger services between Britain and the Union, the most frequent being by the Union-Castle Line. This company maintains the regular weekly mail-boat service, which takes exactly fourteen days, a short call being made at Madeira. But you may prefer to do the trip in more leisurely fashion and call at such places as Las Palmas, Ascension and St. Helena, or at Las Palmas, Lobito and Walfis Bay. And then, on the way back, the East Coast could be visited, with calls at Lourenço Marques, Beira, Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar, Tanga, Mombassa, Aden, Port Sudan, Suez, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles and Gibraltar. The Union-Castle, by the way, issue a couple of most informative booklets dealing with shore excursions at the various African ports.

Up-to-date and full information regarding the various air and sea services can be obtained either through your travel agent or from the South African Tourist Corporation (70, Piccadilly, London, W.1). This last-named organisation also has available some of the most enticing brochures issued by any country. Beautifully produced, they are extremely lucid in their reading matter and abstain generally from over-statement, the fault of so much free travel literature. Undoubtedly, from a perusal of these booklets, you should be able to decide just what you would best like to do after arrival in South Africa.

There is, indeed, such a wide choice. You might, for instance, be well content just to remain in the neighbourhood of Cape Town; and if you had only a couple of weeks available to spend in the Union, I think this is the course I would recommend. Apart from the charm of the city itself and its immediate surroundings (Table Mountain, Groote Schuur, Kirstenbosch, Sea Point and Constantia), there is the world-famous Marine Drive which leads to the Cape of Good Hope, the southernmost point of the African continent. Then, a few days might well be devoted to a stay at the sheltered seaside resort of Muizenberg, with its glorious white sands and unsurpassed surfing. Or you might wish to live on a farm as a paying guest. This can be arranged for you through some of the leading travel agencies.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE LION'S HEAD FROM THE HEIGHTS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN—ONE OF THE FAMILIAR SIGHTS CONFRONTING THE TRAVELLER WHO VISITS CAPE TOWN AND CLIMBS OR GOES BY CABLEWAY TO ITS FAMOUS SUMMIT: Neither the Lion's Head nor Table Mountain offer any great difficulties, and, indeed, on Sunday mornings many of the younger people of Cape Town make the Table Mountain climb and picnic on the summit. It is possible on Table Mountain, however, to find rocks that will test the most skilled mountaineer.

Should you have another ten days or two weeks at your disposal, then there are two alternative tours which should be considered, both being efficiently organised by the South African Government Railways.

The first suggested tour is by luxury motor-coach along the highly scenic Garden Route of the Cape Province. The circular trip starts and ends at Cape Town, and allows two of the ten days it takes to be spent at the charming resort of Wilderness (a name which totally belies its true appearance). The inclusive charge of about £25 per person covers travel, hotel accommodation and meals.

My second recommendation is the Cape Town-Durban (1,152 miles) Luxury Coach Tour. It also takes you by the Garden Route and along the coast, five days being required. The all-in cost of this trip is £25. From Durban, several alternatives are offered. You might wish to continue on to Johannesburg by motor-coach. This journey, which traverses Zululand en route, is a little over 500 miles in length and occupies two days. The inclusive fare is just under £10. You can, of course, also travel through to Johannesburg by rail. The return to Cape Town could then be made by the Blue Train, one of the aristocrats of the world's railways. Features are air-conditioning, the fashionable restaurant (for such is the dining-car) and the tastefully furnished lounge-car with cocktail bar. Each compartment, including coupés for single passengers, while only two persons are allocated to a full compartment, has hot and cold running

"THE HOLE IN THE WALL," AN ATTRACTIVE SEASCAPE ON THE LONELY SHORES OF THE TRANSKEI, A TERRITORY FAR FROM THE BEATEN TOURIST TRACK, LYING BETWEEN THE KEI AND NATAL IN THE CAPE PROVINCE: Although there are many European farms in the Transkei, the territories are really a native reserve. They cover 13,000 square miles and well repay a visit by the tourist wishing to gain a glimpse of native life at its best.

THE POPULAR CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE IN THE CAPE PENINSULA : This is one of the finest marine drives in the world, taking the traveller to the Cape of Good Hope and back. During more than half the journey of 95 miles the road follows the actual coast line, and south of Hout Bay it reaches an altitude of over 500 ft., offering truly magnificent views of mountain and sea. The ancient legend of Vanderdecken, the flying Dutchman, centres round the Cape of Good Hope.

ANOTHER SECTION OF THE FAMOUS MARINE DRIVE IN THE CAPE PROVINCE : Although the road runs right round the Cape Peninsula from Cape Town back to Cape Town, covering over 90 miles, there are several abbreviated versions of the marine drive by which the traveller can take short cuts across the peninsula.

water. A valet service is available, and there are shower baths.

How you plan excursions from Johannesburg depends not only on the time you have available, but also on the time of year. You can, for instance, fly to the Victoria Falls and back in a matter of a few hours each way, but they should be seen when the waters are neither a trickle nor yet in full flood. June to September are normally the best months. Incidentally, the rail journey takes two days each way—a monotonous and often exhausting trip. But do not miss seeing the Falls, if it is humanly possible, for they are undoubtedly one of the world's greatest natural wonders, and you will not be disapponted.

Should you travel by rail, I think you should make a halt at Bulawayo in order to visit Rhode's grave in the lonely Matopo mountains—about 28 miles distant. But, unless you are a keen archæologist, I do not think an extension in Rhodesia to the Zimbabwe ruins is worth while.

From Johannesburg you will hardly fail to visit Pretoria, a city which is enchanting during the short period in October when the jacaranda trees, that line the streets, are in bloom. And then there is the Kruger National Park, that marvellous sanctuary for the unspoilt African wilderness and its unruly animal children. It is open to visitors during the South African winter from the end of May to about mid-October. The best months for viewing the game are August, September and October. There are satisfactory arrangements for accommodation and meals in the Park, while there are also various organised motor tours available for visitors. Three days is the minimum time which should be spent in this fascinating open-air zoo.

Other wild life areas in the Union include the Addo National Park, the home of a herd of elephant living right on the doorstep of civilisation, not far from Port Elizabeth; St. Lucia Bay, on the Zululand coast, which is one of the world's most famous bird sanctuaries; and near Bredasdorp, Cape Province, is the Bontebok National Park which was created solely for the preservation of the bontebok.

Another outstanding interest of South African life lies in its natives. Unfortunately, in the cities you will see detribalised natives, mostly converted to European dress. It is only in the Reserves that you will find the unspoilt black people of the countryside, carrying on still with much of their ancient mode of life. But even this simple existence is changing all the time, although, fortunately, the inherent happiness of the native character still remains.

To define the obvious outward charms that South Africa holds out for the visitor is fairly simple. They include the sparkling sunshine, good food, a widespread hospitality, superb coastal scenery, magnificent cities and a colourful native life. But there is also the insidious appeal of this vast land—the Cape Province alone covers more than five times the area of England—which, in the wide open spaces of the high Veldt offers something that is unique in the world. At first sight the scene seems highly monotonous to the newcomer, but, gradually, a spell is cast. You are conquered and you stay; or you go back home and then return again and again. For when it is grim, damp and cold in Britain you cannot but dream of the gleaming white beaches of the Cape Peninsula, the sunshine and the warm blue sea, sunsets on the Karroo, and back they come, perhaps for ever. You will assuredly feel the call.

Gordon Cooper

DURBAN, THE SUB-TROPICAL HOLIDAY RESORT UPON THE INDIAN OCEAN : Durban is both an industrialised city and a popular all-the-year-round holiday resort. Along the Ocean Beach fronting the Indian Ocean are lawns and ornamental gardens, and fronting these are the luxury hotels. The sunlit sands stretch away to the mouth of the Umgeni River. The Durban winter season lasts from May to August, when the climate is described as both uniform and exhilarating. During the summer months the heat is more tropical, but it is seldom really excessive.

WHERE THE ZAMBESI RIVER THUNDERS INTO ITS MILE-LONG CHASM AT VICTORIA FALLS : This aerial view shows the whole panorama of the Falls, and in the foreground on the left the bridge on which the railway from Cape Town to Northern Rhodesia crosses the gorge. From this year onwards the Falls will become increasingly accessible, as Livingstone Airport is on the Comet route from London to Johannesburg which will be flown by the Comets.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SHORT, LUCID, AND COLOURFUL BIOGRAPHY

A New Life of Winston Churchill by J. G. Lockhart, Dwelling in Particular on the Early Years

THE New Year begins with a short, lucid, and moderately colourful biography of the Prime Minister by Mr. J. G. Lockhart, which, if not exactly required reading for persons of all political parties, will at least do them no harm. WINSTON CHURCHILL (Duckworth. 6s.), is a manageable little book which recapitulates much of what we know of a long and frequently stormy career, and gives the reader some less familiar information about Mr. Churchill's childhood and school and Sandhurst days. These years included visits, extremely necessary at that time, to a crammer's residence, and a series of stubborn and finally successful efforts to get into the Royal Military College. Mr. Lockhart takes the story in some detail up to 1945, and then devotes a few pages to a sketch of events up to 1950, leaving his hero (for there is no doubt about his sympathies in the matter) before his fresh victory in 1951, which seems to have come at a moment more propitious to politicians than to printers.

AFTER ALL (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.) is the autobiography of Sir Norman Angell, who refers to it as a mixed bag of experiences, but who has nevertheless contrived a personal story of very considerable interest, told, in spite of his disclaimer, in a sustained and orderly style. It was in 1908 that Sir Norman wrote his first important book on the problems of war and peace, and it was in the same year that it was finally published at his own expense after a number of publishers had turned it down. Twenty-five years later—and after a world war—the author was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Sir Norman has had an unusually varied career and has been many things, from farm hand, cowboy and miner to journalist and politician. For a time he managed and produced the *Daily Mail* in Paris for Lord Northcliffe, and the passages that deal with that remarkable man are among the most lively in the book. Incidentally, and I am sure that Sir Norman would agree with me here, it would be virtually impossible to write dully about that dynamic figure, whatever your personal opinion of him. His character and the impact of his personality bred everything but grey moderation.

MY FIRST EIGHTY YEARS (John Murray. 21s.) is as brave a title as can be imagined, and appears at the head of the memoirs of Dr. Albert Victor Baillie, who was for twenty-eight years Dean of Windsor. The frontispiece shows us the author at eighty-six, beaming away over his pipe and obviously ready to embark on the next span of life with the same gusto he has brought to it so far. For the former Dean of Windsor has had, by many standards, an unconventional life, and although he has been able to count Royal dukes, princesses and a king or two among his personal friends, he has also been able to write of a week spent in Hollywood " where, as I knew so many English actors, I was given an exuberant welcome by the Film Society, and lunched at their studio with the Marx brothers." In the life of a man with such wide interests and sympathies, there can be nothing incongruous in such a diversity of friendships.

" The Londoner is the most private person in the world," writes Mr. R. J. Cruikshank in the opening paragraph of his enchanting book, THE MOODS OF LONDON (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.), which as a true Londoner (who thinks that Carlyle ought either to have shut up or got out, neither of which things he did) has been and will be a real delight to me. Mr. Robin Ironside has decorated many of the pages of the book with his elegant and graceful art, and perhaps it is ungrateful to say that it is in the text itself, humorous, affectionate and encyclopædically well-informed, that one finds one's chief pleasure. And a great pleasure it is.

I suppose that quite literally millions of people have heard Mr. Alistair Cooke's easy, slightly Americanised voice over the wireless, reading those LETTERS FROM AMERICA (Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.), some of which have here been chosen and slightly revised for book publication. He has discoursed on matters domestic (ducks), matters dramatic (the negro girl who stole a premature baby and kept it alive with a skill that astounded the doctors), of political (Washington, D.C.), and he has discoursed with freshness and an alert sense of the contemporary scene that makes listening to that voice a pleasure. For Mr. Cooke was born in Manchester, although he has " lived in New York steadily—continuously, anyway—for nearly fifteen years," and is now chief correspondent there for one of our most distinguished newspapers. Perhaps the best thing that one can say about his new book is that it is as agreeable to read as it has been to listen to. (And, in this connection, I hope that the New Year spirit will allow me a little latitude about prepositions.)

THE RETURN OF TWO OF THE EVEREST MOUNTAINEERS FROM THE 1951 RECONNAISSANCE: Dr. Michael Ward (left) and Mr. Earle Riddiford, two members of Mr. Eric Shipton's reconnaissance party, answering the eager questions of the Press when they arrived at Tilbury just before Christmas in the liner *Carthage*.

It may be that Miss Elsa Triolet's novel THE WHITE HORSE (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) has no more permanent literary value than a meringue puff or a spangled ball-gown, but nevertheless it is quite as enjoyable as either, when taken in the right mood, and when read with the minimum of effort that it requires. In fact, if there are any holidays in view for any readers, this might be one of the volumes to pack. This really is a present-day—that is, 1913 to 1940—story of the great god Pan, here represented as an extremely personable Frenchman whose idolised mother dies of opium smoking, but who is, in the inimitable French phrase, *très debrouillard*, and who manages to get along on his own terms without any peculiar effort, since even his enslavement of ladies is quite involuntary.

Naturally he has a taste for food and wine and love and music and, equally naturally, though some may think that Miss Triolet was overdoing it here, his hair grows into what looks like a little horn above either temple. His life is not long, for he is killed in the first months of the war, but it is very full and mostly with women, amongst whom he moves against a background of such characters as the Grand Duke Dmitri, " Coco " Chanel and Bébé Bérard. All very civilised, one might say, and also, one might add, " Is this how the French live ? " The answer is that this novel is not about The French People, but about an amusing French writer's idea of The French Pan.

Mr. J. L. Hodson is as English as Miss Triolet is French, and MORNING STAR (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is an excellent example of his sometimes brusque but always extremely readable manner. In this down-to-earth but not unfunny story, a great Press combine is attempting to buy up an independent paper in the north of England, and since this is an author who is both North Country and independent himself, he has a pretty piece of fun with the whole situation.

Once in a great while there comes along a writer whose work can be judged by few existing comparisons, not necessarily for its greatness, but for its quality of being different, and indeed entirely different from what has gone before. Daphne Rooke is such a writer, as we knew on the evidence of her first book, and as is confirmed by her second, MITTEE (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.). Whether she will ever be a popular writer as well as having critical acclaim is something else again. For the moment I would suggest that, whether or not you have read her first book, you form your own opinion of this strange, wild melodrama of South Africa, written as if the author had discovered language as a fresh, wonderful gift, and were using each word for the first time.

Miss Mary Lavin's new book is a volume of short stories, A SINGLE LADY (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), and they have a variety which is certainly welcome to me, and that I think most of us would and will appreciate. This writer, although born in the United States, seems to be entirely a part of her ancestral Ireland, and perhaps she even has that detachment which a few infant months away from the homeland can give. In any case she writes like an Irish angel, of the kind that have their secular moments.

It is perhaps unfair to be influenced by the opening sentence of a novel, and, in fact, when one reads on, the memory of it may fade or be absorbed in the stronger general plan of the book. But throughout Miss Doreen Idle's THE CARVER QUARTET (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) I was vaguely haunted by those apparently significant words with which the book opens, that " Anne Gregory was quite happy to be left leaning against the harmonium in the corner." As the story turns out, I think that the ghost of those words is justified in haunting the reader, but all the same this is a sensitively conceived book, and of especial interest to those who understand or, from a distance, appreciate the hard work that lies behind a musical performance.

PINEY (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Zachary Ball's novel about a boy growing up in the fields and woods and creeks of Mississippi and the swamps of Louisiana, and finally coming to his own place in the world. It is a frankly sentimental story; it is also a tale that older children may well love, and it is none the worse for those two circumstances.

Only when birds have come to lose their fear can a human observer really begin to be let into the secrets of their lives, and discover the degrees of their intelligence. Miss Len Howard, in the garden of her Sussex cottage, has long been such a privileged observer, and the result is her unusual and diverting book BIRDS AS INDIVIDUALS (Collins. 10s. 6d.). How this mutual understanding and trust between observer and observed is built up is described by Miss Howard in her opening chapter, but apparently all the moments are not golden spent in the continual company of numbers of birds, for they tend to spoil the furniture, they hammer furiously on the windows if Miss Howard shuts them out at any time, and they do all they can, it seems, to prevent her concentrating upon anything except themselves. The compensations, however, are overwhelming, and her simple, straightforward account of her life among the birds is an unforgettable contribution to ornithological literature, which can be confidently recommended for general reading.

Constance Spry is an incomparable arranger of flowers. In her latest volume she turns her attention to WINTER AND SPRING FLOWERS (J. M. Dent. 25s.), which is a companion volume to her already published *Summer and Autumn Flowers*. Thirty-six exquisite and unusual flower arrangements, twenty-four of them in full colour, are reproduced together with notes on the photographs and on the art of arranging generally. There is also a short but intriguing chapter on likes and dislikes, among which she names the use of jam-pots naked and unadorned at flower shows and in country churches, and corsages of three flowers upside-down and replete with a vast expanse of silver foil. There are also some helpful notes for the beginner on dealing with cut flowers generally.

WHEN THE BIRDS INSIST

The Enthralling Story of a Bird-watcher in Sussex

Apart from its introduction, which is rather out of temper with the times, Douglas Goldring has produced a pleasantly diverting travel book entitled THREE ROMANTIC COUNTRIES (Macdonald. 15s.), taking us to Dalmatia, a memory of 1912, to Ireland, the Ireland of thirty years ago, and to Portugal in the first days of Carmona. These memories of earlier days remain worthwhile reading, for this is essentially a travel book, what the author chooses to call " an unblushing example of escapism."

Mr. Ernest Evan Spicer has written a wise, witty and most readable book in CASE LORE (Reinhardt and Evans. 21s.), which bears the ponderous but informative sub-title " Leaves from the notebook of a professional accountant." The author examines a selection of important taxation, legal and accounting problems, and he deals with examples of some of the anomalies and injustices encountered within the realm of income-tax, sur-tax and death duties.

The famed publishing house of Baedeker, stemming from that bookseller's and printing shop in Essen, where Gottschalk Baedeker traded in the early nineteenth century, was established in Coblenz in 1827 by Karl Baedeker, the son of Gottschalk. In 1872 the business removed to Leipzig, and thereafter the flow of guide-books was unceasing, covering in time the greater part of the civilised world. The Second World War was a severe blow to Baedeker's, but now, with rapidly reviving Hamburg as its headquarters, the guide-books are appearing again, both in German and English editions. Frankfurt, Munich and North Bavaria were the first three in English, and now comes LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS (issued through George Allen and Unwin Ltd. at 15s.). This is the twentieth revised edition on London, and, as Karl Baedeker says in his introduction, " it sets out to provide information concerning London in its present state and to tell the visitor what has survived the severe bomb damage inflicted during the Second World War, what is lost for ever, and what has been restored through the steadily pursued labour of reconstruction." An unusual and charming feature is provided by the eighty little sketches of London buildings and monuments. They are modest enough, but provide atmosphere amid a welter of documentation along familiar lines.

From one institution let us turn to another—in fact, from Baedeker to Whitaker. WHITAKER'S ALMANACK 1952 (J. Whitaker and Sons. Complete Edition 15s.) is the largest ever published, covering very nearly 1,200 pages. As the 1951 General Election was the second to be held since redistribution of the Parliamentary constituencies, an exact comparison of the results of these two elections is made in the pages of the 1952 edition. The arrangement of subjects follows the new lines adopted for the last edition, and space has been found for several useful new features. In particular the Municipal Directory of England has been strengthened by the addition of a section giving details of how the various parties are represented in borough and urban district councils.

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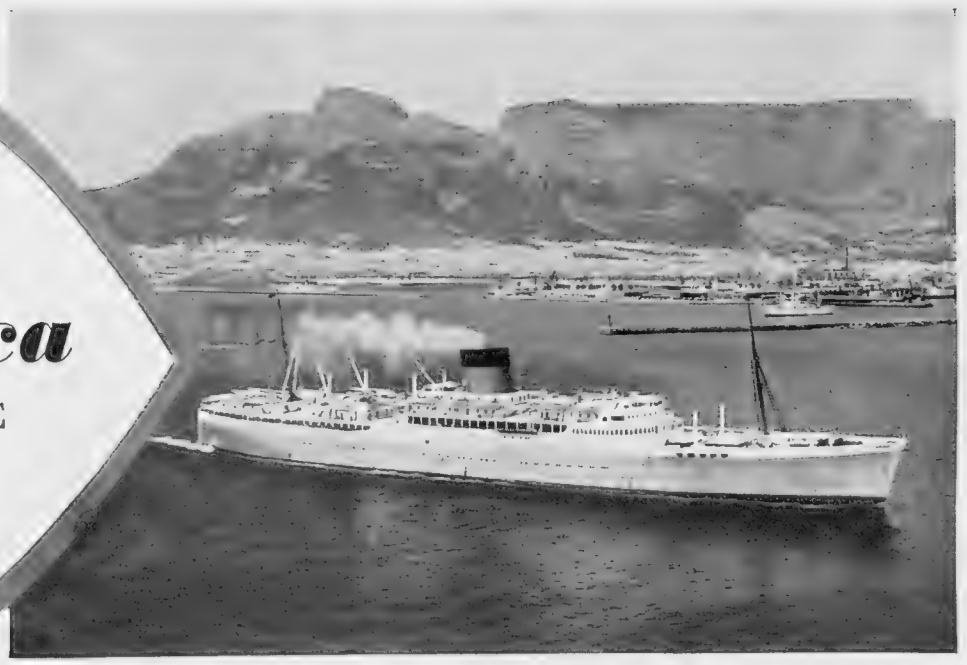

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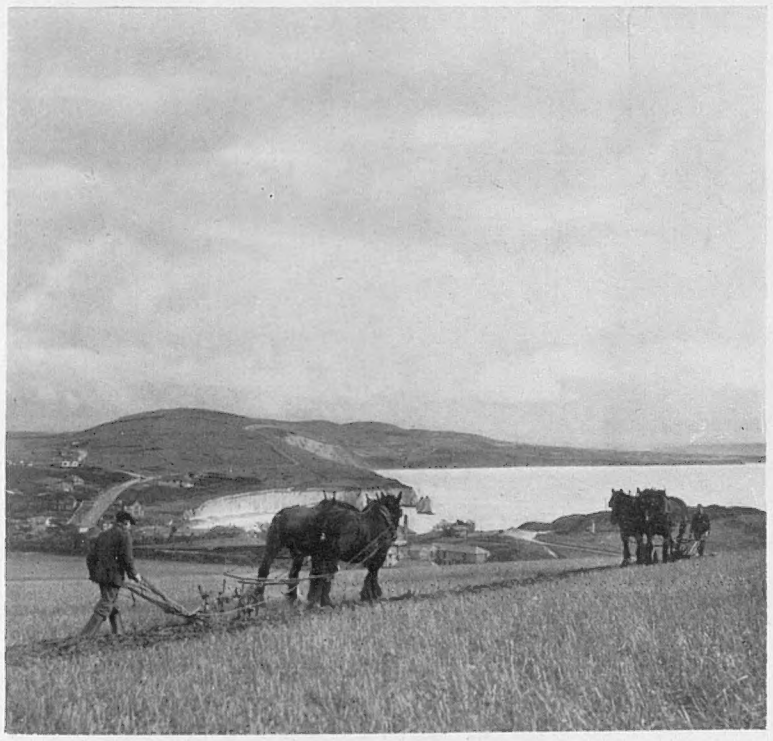

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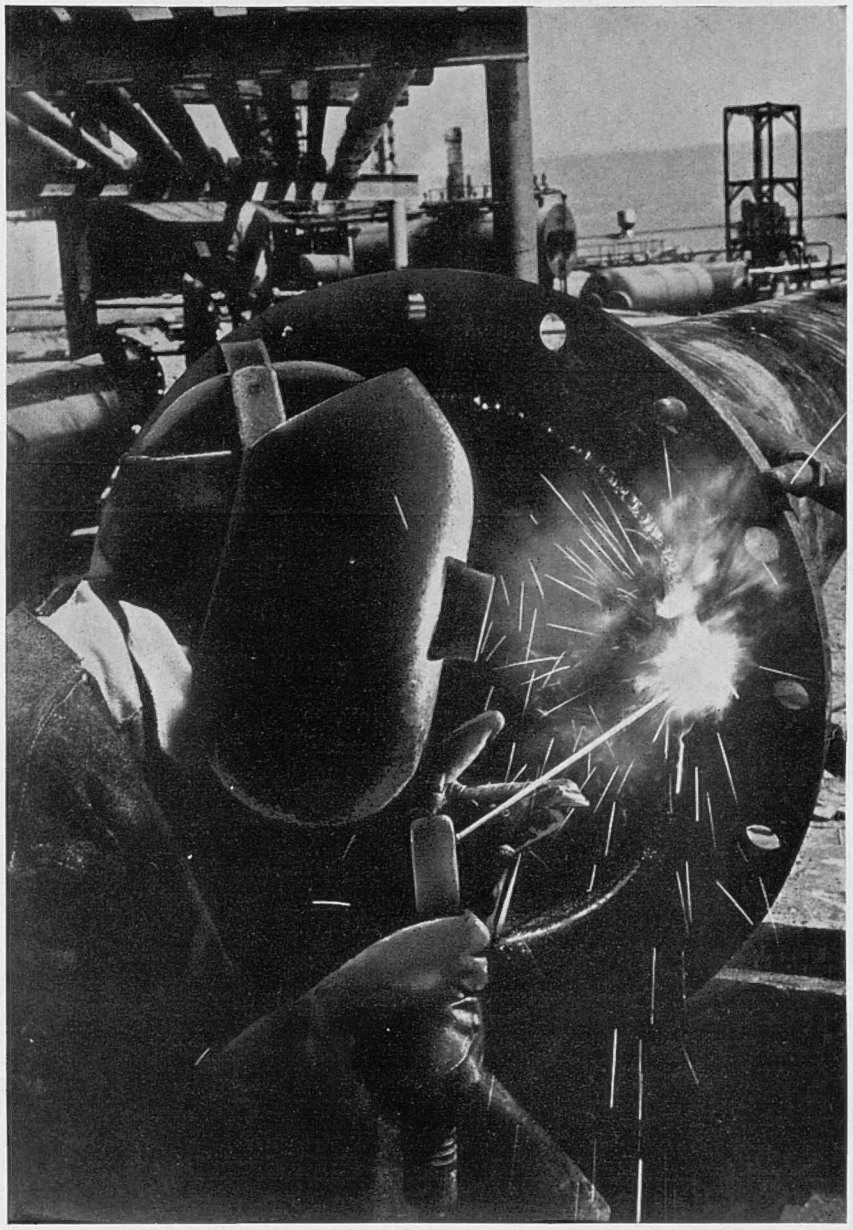

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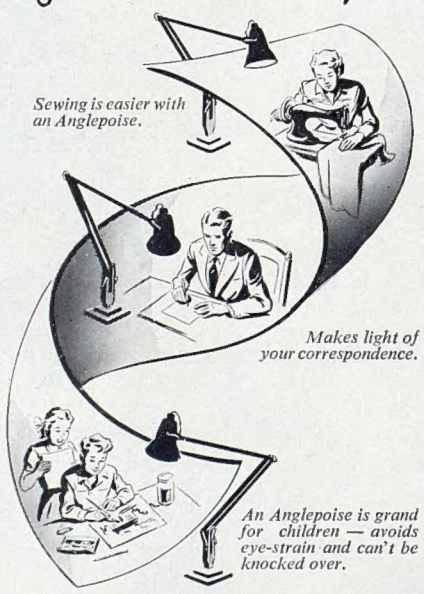

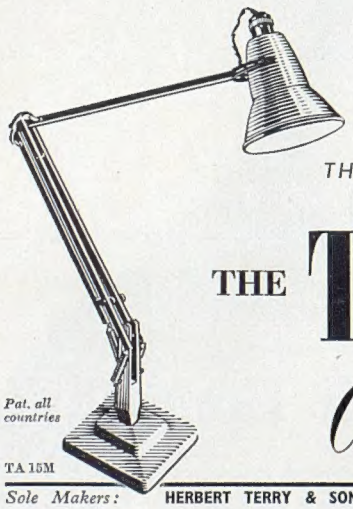

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